

# **Events That I Remember**

**Paul A. Schumann  
(1909—1986)**

*Foreword*

The events that I have recorded in the following pages are not in chronological order, but I have compiled them as they came to my mind over a period of time. It does happen to be in order at same times, but this is due to the fact that my mind retained the events in that order.

All that I hope to do with this account is to provide some interesting facts about my childhood and growing up. Make no mistake, we may have had some tough times, but life was not all that bad all the time. No family finally had an easy time in living during that period of time. The things that we did not miss were most likely the ones that we had never shared or had.

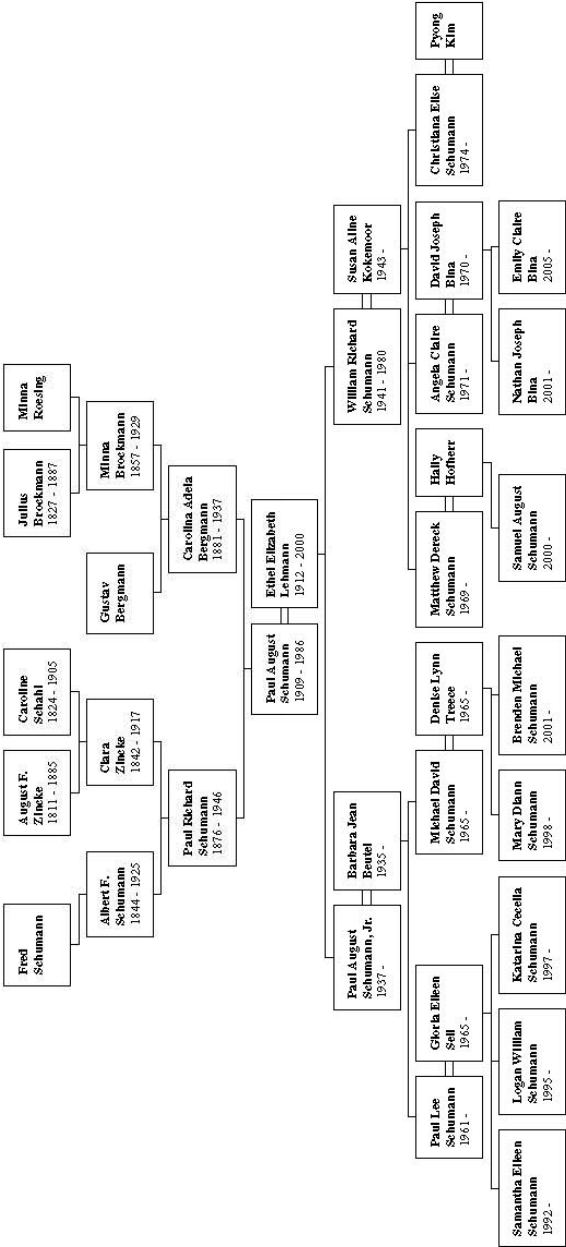
If my Grandchildren read this, it is my hope that you will enjoy reading how Grandpa Schumann grew up and what he did as a boy. Some of it was real fun.

Paul A. Schumann  
February 15, 1980  
Houston, Texas

*Dedication*

This account is dedicated to Angela, Christiana, Matthew, Michael and Paul Schumann, my grandchildren.

Hourglass Tree of Paul August Schumann







### *Introduction*

As Ethel and I began researching our family genealogies, I had an idea to put on paper some of the events of my early life leading up to the time that we were married, and including jobs or positions leading up to the time that I retired. In some instances, there are events that are very vivid in my memory, and others are more or less sketchy. In any event, regardless how complete the accounts are on paper, there are some events of which the details are gone from my memory bank. If just our Grandchildren read this history, I feel sure that they know that growing up in the span of years involved in my growing up were no picnic for anyone who had to go out and hustle a job and earn some money.

I might add that the years of my youth, I lived quite a different life than Ethel did. First off, I had more freedom of movement in Galveston than she had. The East End kids got around much more than others of the same age. The reason for this I do not know. Maybe the East End parents were poorer, and we had to find our amusements or make do with what we could find. For example: There was only one family in our area who had enough money to buy baseball gloves and bat. The catcher is the only player who had a glove. It really was a first baseman's glove, but who cared.

At times, life was good to us. On other occasions, the word "harsh" could not describe the situation. If I can put on paper the main events, I shall be satisfied. The lack of dates involving the families of the Schumann, Zincke and Bergman clans is the most distressing thing when trying to put any records of the three on paper for a complete family history.

The sad thing is the fact that the Schumann family had a large collection of photos in their collection. Most all were kept in a secret drop bottom table that Grandpa had made. Some also were in the small chests that Grandpa made. Clara has one and so do we. She also has the table, but told me that there were no pictures in the secret hiding place. I never could understand why they were kept in that table.

Most pictures were of the clans involved with family groups and individual photos included. The sizes were mixed with 5 X 7 and 8 X 10's.

Pop had a good collection as he was an avid camera fan, and he had a professional type camera. For awhile he did his own processing, but most were made by a pro. Since at an early age he began to get involved with photographic work, he had a good sized amount of photographs of the families involved. Some were made by Zahn, also a photographer in early Galveston. He was an early friend of the Schumann family. As I recall, he was an early immigrant from Germany.

In addition to being a struggling artist, Pop also became a professional photographer. For quite some time, he worked for Morris, Maurer and Verkin studios. He did a lot of large camera work for both Maurer and Morris - such things as the Bathing Girl Revues, Galveston Harbor, and Causeway celebration. Actually, he was a photograph "retoucher". He did a lot of special work on glass negatives such a removing blemishes, scars or flaws. Another example was the process of taking a photograph of a dead man in a casket and using only the head. Then after a series of photographs, the head ended

up on the body of another man. The opening of the eyes seemed to be the most difficult. A lot of weird jobs came his way.

The majority of events that I mention are from my memory and very few dates are available. Ethel and I found some dates in records at the County Courthouse, and at Rosenberg Library. They have good files in census records for quite a lot years back. County Clerk office gave us some legal dates.

I was born on September 9, 1909 at the homestead at 1220 M 1/2. Early in my youth, I was told that there was a storm brewing in the Gulf at the time that I was born. No storm came to Galveston at that time. The house is 1 1/2 blocks from the seawall and still stands. The nearness of the home to the Gulf of Mexico had a great deal of effect on the activities of my youth. I was the middle child of three children. Clara Adele was born at the same place on August 13, 1905. Robert Edward was also born at same place on August 17, 1918. I was baptized by Pastor Hasskarl of the First Evangelical German Church. I was confirmed in same church but the "German." had been dropped (WW1) by Pastor Victor Albert. I had a great deal of respect and love for that man. What Christian good came out of me, he put it in me.

He also married Ethel and me in the same building on October 26, 1932. The old building still stands in same location. New church was built to the west of the old building.

The homestead was built in the east end of Galveston as most early settlers somehow built in that location. Larger homes were built farther north. Early

ones were east of 18 or 19th. streets on Market, Post Office, and G, H, I and J streets. Avenue J is Broadway Street, and is more or less the dividing street between North and South Galveston, at that time, at least to 25th street.

The East End began at about 6th Street where the original seawall curved and turned north and ended at the harbor. At this point, the Jetties began out into the Gulf to protect the channel entrance to Galveston's harbor. When Galveston's harbor was in its prime, there were so many ships going to the docks, that all could not get in, so they anchored there. That area was called Galveston Ways. It was a common sight to see as many as five large ships anchored there. At one time, Galveston really had a busy port.

### *Early Memories*

At the time that I was born, money was very scarce - not only for our family, but for many others. If we kids got a dime on Sundays, we were lucky. When we did, we usually went to the Dixie #3 movie house. They usually had double and sometimes triple features. Houdini and the Iron Man were hot stuff. He was far ahead of our science fiction of today. He had an electric Robot with a death ray. It looked like a bolt of lightning came out of the gun. Boy, it was scary. Other shows were cowboys and comedies. Eddie Polo was another one of our idols. He always beat up the bad guys. The show cost a nickel, and on the way home, we stopped at a Greek candy store and bought a nickel's worth of chewy peanut candy. Most times it lasted all the way on our walk back home.

The lack of money in our family was one of the reasons that early in life, I began hustling jobs to earn some cash

to put into the Schumann coffers. Pop never made much money as an artist at this time. He did some photographic work as previously mentioned.

### *The Zincke Family*

My early recollections of childhood center a great deal around my relationship with Grandpa and Grandma Schumann. Grandma's maiden name was Clara Zincke. She was the sister of August Zincke whose name will become prominent later on in this account of my life as a Schumann. Grandpa and Grandma had a son before Pop was born. He was named Albert and lived with the family before he married, evidently he moved out before or right after I was born. His first wife, Meta Schutte died during childbirth and the child died also. After this, he moved back in with the folks, and a room was added. Later he married Meta Anderson, and they had three Children, Al-



Hulda & August Zincke on His 91st Birthday

berta, Albert and Evelyn. At that time, he was a lithographer for Clark and Courts Printing Co. and he moved the family to LaMarque. Pretty soon after that, he went to work for the American Printing Co. We could not get any genealogy data from the cousins. Evidently, they did not know that their father had married before.



Grandma & Grandpa Schumann

Grandmother's brother, August Zincke went to Fredericksburg soon after coming from Germany. There he set up business as a saddler and made a lot of money that way plus good investments and money lender. He would send some money (I never knew how much) to Pop to help take care of Grandpa and Grandma. Most often it would be all the cash that the family had. It helped more after Grandpa got to the point that he could no longer work at his trade. The idea of money coming from Uncle August made for a sort of "God-father" image in the family. Often family would sit on front porch waiting on the mailman to bring the check. We were broke quite a few times.

Pop met Mom on one of his visits to Uncle August in Fredericksburg. Mom's father had died and left Grandma Bergmann with five girls. They also had to hustle to feed themselves. I recall Mom

telling me that Grandma and the girls moved to Dennison and went to work for her Uncle Martin Kohl, who ran a boarding house and they worked as cooks and maids. Schumann family had quite a few pictures of the Bergmann family, but they disappeared with photos that I have mentioned.



Grandma Bergmann

#### *Grandma & Grandpa Schumann*

Grandma Schumann was dominated by Grandpa. He was a pure German in thought and he had the idea that he should be dominant in the family (Like in Germany) and at times he really was. He just about controlled the destiny of my parents. Even with this thought in his mind, there was a great deal of love between Grandma and Grandpa, and I felt very close to them as I was growing up.

In Germany, Grandpa was a millwright. After coming to Galveston, he worked as a carpenter with Uncle Richard Zincke. He soon built a large shop in the back of the home lot. Before the 1900 storm, he had a steam engine (donkey boiler) to run his large wood lathe and other large machinery that he used. He did mostly cabinet and fancy interior and exterior trim for many of the first fancy homes that were built at that time.



Grandma Schumann

The, shop was located on the Schumann side of the alley between M and M 1/2. This allowed mule drawn wag-





Grandpa Schumann

ons to come right to shop and load up items that he had made and that had to be installed at some house. The 1900 storm washed all this away and no trace was found. Living only 1 1/2 blocks from the Gulf, and no seawall for protection at that time washed out almost the east end. (See newspaper clippings in collection of news-paper reprinted for 1900 storm date. These reprints are in scrap book labeled "The Way It Was", have many collections for old Galveston history.

After the storm, a new house and shop was built on the same lot. The shop was smaller and as he had no steam engine, the lathe was powered by a foot pedal mechanism almost like an old time sewing machine. It had a large trundle foot pumped. The heavy fly-wheel was connected by belt to the lathe on top. It would really spin with very little exertion. The scroll saw

worked on the same principle, but the operator sat on a tail stool and pumped the pedal. The saw blade was about 9" long and moved up and down with amazing speed. I spent many hours with this machine making wheels for toy trucks and racing cars that I made for myself and what I would sell. Many of the front porch columns of the old Galveston homes were made by him, and also the fancy scroll trim and banisters. He was a true craftsman and made no compromise in any work that he did. Sometimes he had so much work that he had to work at night using kerosene lamps with reflectors.

Some facts about Grandpa Schumann must be included when thinking about the man. He was a soldier in the German army and fought with the Prussian army against Louis Napoleon the third who ruled France. Bad feelings seemed to always exist between France and



these Germanic states. The war in which he fought was in 1870-71 and they routed the French army. Often when he was telling me about the problems in Germany, he would vent his anger against the Prussian state. (At this time a separate and independent state with own ruler and government). He called them proud and arrogant people and spoke of the pure hell that all endured during many battles and wars. He was shot in a leg. I think it was the left one. It left him with a slight limp. Often he told me stories about those "Verdammen Franzisch" (Damned Frenchmen). They always wanted to get more land from Germans. (See letter in Lehmann family history written to relatives in Galveston. They were written by Ethel's great grandparents and great, great, grand Aunts and Uncles.) There is a good photo of Grandpa in his military uniform, but it has disappeared with the rest of Schumann photos previously mentioned. He was about 27yrs old at the time. War was brewing again when he made up his mind to take the family to the United States. I recall him telling me and all the people that he knew, that another war was brewing, and that he did not want his sons to be cannon fodder for no warring Princes or rulers. His prediction of another large war was correct as World War 1 was not too far off. He was very distressed to see America get into the war. He could not see why America got involved in any war on the side of France. He often told me when news of American casualties came in, that they were dying for the Damned French.

Getting back to his shop, nearly all the time he was involved with some kind of odd job that he really relished doing. One of these kinds of jobs was a water damaged foot pumped organ that was used at the Spiritualist Church. He had a German buddy name Otto Pfeifer who was a member of that church. He

conned Grandpa to take the job of repairing the organ. Mr. Pfeifer was a real operator and he wheeled and dealt in many things. He had Grandpa make horse hair stencil brushes and he sold them to cotton compresses in Galveston. Grandpa made many a brush. Pfeifer was minus an arm but he never spoke about it. His posture was stiff and erect like a Prussian General. I suppose that the arm was lost in some battle. Not even Grandpa asked him, so he said. I feel sure that he knew what happened, but since Pfeifer did not want to talk about it, nothing was said.

Concerning the organ, it was a major undertaking to get it back in shape where it could be used. First, Grandpa took the organ apart. Then he cleaned all reeds and then put in all new leather for the bellows and re-glued the whole thing. He made new foot pedals as water had ruined them. He also refinished the console and when job was finished, he had Clara play the completed thing. It worked well and was in tune. Grandpa could not read music, but he had a keen ear for music and tuned to make it on key.

I don't recall that he took any money for the job, but I recall that he took some music boxes from Pfeifer. At one time he had three that had also been damaged by water. The first thing that he did was to take the player mechanism out of the cabinets, poured kerosene over them and then covered the whole thing with a heavy rag soaked with kerosene. He kept them this way until he had completely repaired and refinished the cabinets, cleaned up the player parts and saw that the spring driven motors were working. Then he cleaned all reeds and reassembled the players. The amazing thing was that they all were playing in tune, and the

cylinders shifted as were required to change tunes the machine played. These machines were really a mechanical wonder at that time. Each had a metal cylinder from which small metal rods or points protruded. They were set in different positions so as the cylinder turned, the prongs struck the reeds and created a musical sound. Each cylinder would shift after first tune was played. This procedure occurred four times and then started over as long as spring was wound up. It really made a melodic sound and very easy on the ears. There were two or three of these boxes left at the house when Ethel and I were married. All disappeared and no one knows where they went, so I am told.

#### *Grandpa Schumann's Furniture*

Several pieces of furniture that Grandpa Schumann made are now in Ethel's and my possession. One is the Edison Phonograph cabinet minus the motor and player mechanism. I was not told what happened to them, but I presume that Robert sold them. Also, we have the China cabinet that he made. It was always kept in the family dinning room in the southeast corner. Mom kept what good dishes and heirlooms that she always saved. It was still there when I left the home. Another piece of furniture that we have is the deacons bench which always stayed in the hall leading to Pop's studio, but when Dan remodeled the house it seemed to bounce around. When Dan rented out the place, it ended up on the front porch. Renters had painted green over the mahogany finish, and then white. They used regular house paint. We also have a small wall hanger cabinet that was used to store Edison cylinder records.

After I got them to our house, I began to work them over. The China closet

had the finish ruined from what appeared water and Gulf spray or mist. I found it next to the east window, and no doubt the rain and Gulf mist had done its damage. I removed all finish and renewed broken glass. Then I refinished in natural color of oak and other woods that were used. After several coats of varnish and several good rub-downs, it looked pretty good. The Edison cabinet was almost ruined. It had been stored under the house and termites got to it and ate up one corner post and panel. Several holes had been eaten through the back and sides. I stripped off all finish and renewed bad parts. It makes a close match with our dining room furniture. We store photos and reprints in it and it serves very well in this capacity. The small hanging cabinet just needed to have old finish removed and then stained to match the Edison cabinet. We use it for small items that we want to save.

The Deacons bench was the most difficult to repair and refinish. The wood had been fuzzed up from the salt spray from Gulf. After all paint had been removed, it was a long and hard job to get the wood smooth enough to be stained. I was lucky to find a special sealer that would work. All these pieces are in our dining room.

It is a shame that these items were so neglected and almost ruined beyond repair. It would be bad enough if the items were bought from a store, but in this case much worse since they had been made by Grandpa and were family furniture.

#### *Settling Pop's Estate*

When we settled Pop's Estate, Clara and Dan bought the house and furnishings. I remember that Robert and Dan Jr. lived there for some time and then

split up. Dan Sr. then remodeled the place into a duplex. The west side consisting of parents' bedroom and Studio were made into one small apartment for Dan Jr. A small bath and kitchen were built at back end of studio and part of entrance hall. The renters used the east side just as it was. Just before Dan Sr. sold the place, I had a chance to go into the house and I was really shocked. It looked like an abandoned shack. It was a filthy mess and so was the furniture. Not too long after we got out the furniture that we now have, the house was sold to a Mexican family. In passing by to see the place we noticed that he was putting on a new roof. Since then, I have not been by to look at the place.

#### *The Lenzen Family*

Getting back to my younger days; I have pleasant memories of visits to our home by some of Grandpa's German cronies. I recall their Sunday visits and



Gus, Mrs. Lenzen & Fred

the music that they played with their violins, violas and zither. Sometimes Clara joined in on the piano. Their efforts produced good German music and sometimes tears. In addition to the Sunday visits by German friends, our

family had a close friendly relationship with the Lenzen family, and for years the lives of these two families were linked with a common ethnic background. Both fathers came from Germany, and the families lived within walking distance for quite a while in Galveston. Both Mr. Lenzen and my father belonged to the Concordia Singing Society and the Saengerbund. Also Sons of Herman. A close tie was established through their mutual ideology. The family consisted of Rudolph Sr., his wife Ida, and they had four sons, Rudolph, always called Rudy, Gustav (Gus), Fred and Paul and one daughter, Ida.

Mr. Lenzen was an expert watch repairman. Rudy was trained as a Jeweler - Engraver. Gus was the clock expert. All went to work for Salzman Jewelry Co. in Galveston. Fred was my age and Paul was born later. He was named after my Father.

The two families established a close relationship and both shared in each other joys and woes. Mr. Lenzen had the appearance and the manners of a fine German gentleman. He really knew how to flatter people, especially women. He was a good flutist and When he became friends with our family, he joined in the Sunday, musicals.

After quite some time, the family moved to Houston and Mr. Lenzen, Rudy and Gus went to work for J.J. Sweeney Company. Mr. Lenzen was given the job as foreman of the watch and clock repair department. Rudy again was the jeweler and engraver. Fred began learning the trade at that time. Paul went to work there also after he became older. Soon after they got settled, they built a nice home at 704 Merrill Street. I spent quite a few happy

hours there.

Instead of relationship being dimmed by the distance, it actually was increased. The Lenzen's would come down for weekends and stay at our house. It was a real get together with six additional people at our house. When Ida married, there was one more. Rudy soon married and came very seldom. The males all slept on quilts and what-nots on the front porch floor and it was freely sprinkled with "Sweet Dreams" mosquito lotion. The stuff kept the mosquitoes off of us. There were plenty of mosquitoes there as they hatched in the swamps in the east end flats, just east of 6th street and Boulevard.



The order of business, no matter how often they came was to go crabbing and fishing, on the jetties, or off shore if it was not too rough. Sometimes we did night fishing off shore if surf was not too choppy. In this case we fished close to the rocks on 9th street break-water or on 13th street. We caught almost a tub full of crabs nearly every time we went to the jetties. All crabs were shelled and gutted at jetties and then washed and scrubbed when we got home. We boiled crabs in a tub on a fireplace in the back yard. This fireplace was made so Mom could boil clothes or heat wash water. Few people

had hot water heaters and we were one that did not have one. It was impossible to boil that many crabs on the wood stove in the kitchen. Any fish that were caught were either baked or fried. Mom always ruined the fish for me when she baked them with tomato sauce or paste. Other people really went for it. To me, it just ruined the taste of a good fish. In the family album that I fixed up, there is a snapshot of the gathered clans outside the house eating crabs and dusting off some suds. Please notice the elegant attire. Mr. Lenzen always insisted in sharing the expense. This was a blessing as often times we did good to feed ourselves.



Sometimes the Schumann clan went to Houston via the Interurban. It was an Electric commuter car that operated every hour on the hour. It was a blessing to us and many other people. It was fast, clean and cheap and took passengers from downtown Galveston to downtown Houston. Gus or Rudy would pick us up in downtown Houston. The Lenzen cars, first a Chevrolet 490 and then an Essex almost had their wheels run off them between Houston and Galveston. As our parents got older, the visits gradually diminished. It had been a long period of good times and I have good memories of this time and fellowship between the families.

### *The Elephant Story*

Another event that stays in my memory

of early life was what I call the "Elephant Story". It was the talk of neighbors and friends for a long time and many had a good laugh for a long time after. Pop was a member of the K.K.K. (No connection with the Ku Klux Klan). It was a marching society that paraded on Mardi Gras each year. These parades were similar to those held in New Orleans each Mardi Gras, but not near as large. One year, the planners for the celebration hit upon a plan to have a large marching elephant in the coming parade. It was to be life size in which two men would enter and walk the animal. The front man was to control the head and trunk and see where they were going. The rear man shimmed the rear end and twirled the tail.

Well, Grandpa and Pop got the job to build the creature. Out of wood, they made the ribs, leg bones and parts needed to the skeleton. It really did look like a skeleton when completed. Mom bought a bunch of bed sheets and dyed them gray like Elephant color. The head covering had been made from paper mush that was made out of soaked newspaper and shaped like clay or putty over head frame. Some carpenters glue had been added to hold the shape together. The sheets were then stretched over the frame and glued to skeleton where needed. The bottom had a flap where men could enter and tie it on the inside. Tail and trunk had been made with rope as a frame and paper formed around it and then covered with sheeting. The front man could pull on rope and make trunk rise and drop. Tail was about the same, but rear man had some sort of harness with which he could wiggle the tail somewhat.

When the animal was completed the first big laugh was forthcoming. The

animal was too large to get it out of the shop door, so they had to take out part of one wall to get the animal out. It was then loaded on a large mule drawn cotton dray (used to haul cotton between warehouses to docks) and then moved to a large warehouse on the Strand until the day of the parade. The problem of getting the animal out of the shop was one of great amusement of all the neighbors for blocks around the homestead. They had also made a huge snake, but my memory about this is very vague. It was used in the parade, and that is about the sum total of my recollections.

The grand event of the parade now enters its climax. All was going well en route until it reached a point in front of the Rosenberg Library. Some German man who knew who was in the animal had a brain storm, no doubt influenced by a belly full of beer and what else. Just as the parade got to the location, he heaved a half brick at the rear of the elephant. It struck the man on his back and he came out spouting XXX German language. After quite a snafu the matter quieted down and the parade went on its way. That one block on 23rd street had a ringside seat for the main event. I don't recall what happened to the Elephant. I sure do wish that I had a snapshot of it. They made some, but I have no idea where it went. Almost all the crew belonged to the Sons of Herman, Saenger Bund and Concordia Society. After it was all over, several days later, all concerned shook hands and had a good laugh.

#### *German Dancing*

These same groups often held dances which were held most of the times in a large vacant room on top floor of some building on Strand Street. Most of these places were warehouses for Galveston business firms. I sat out many a



dance on the sidelines sweating in the hot and humid building. I never could figure out how any one could call that fun dancing in such a place and getting soaking wet in the process. I can still remember how the ladies would jockey for the best positions when the Grand Ball March was played. The best part was listening about the opinions of some of the Ladies. Of course, there had to be one lady who had a rich husband and she wore the best and this caused tongues to wag - sometimes for days.

Actually the best place to dance in the summer was at the Garten Verien located at 27th and P. It was an open air place located all around by shrubs, palms and flowers. It still stands, but is known as Kempner Park. It was quite a distance from our home, but the H, Winnie & L street cars could be boarded at the corner of 13th and M 1/2. It was only about 200 ft. from the house. Passengers could transfer downtown to the 37 and O cars, and they took you right at the location. Coming home was just a reverse procedure.

### *Picnics*

Some of the good times that the family had were to ride the Susie out to Heard's Lane and Lafitte's Grove. The Susie was a narrow gauge railroad pulled by a steam powered locomotive, and as I recall, it pulled three passenger cars. I don't recall much about this even though it ran down N street which is just one block south of our home. I doubt if I ever rode on it for I surely would remember it.

These two places were known to be "Down the Island" because they were beyond 61st street. In fact it was a good distance West if my memory is correct.

It seemed to me that they always had a great time there. Picnics etc. were the order for the day. Most likely, I stayed at home with Grandpa & Grandma. I must have been contented as I don't recall any squabbling on my part. I presume Clara went because she went to all the shindigs with the folks.

### *Eating Out*

Another big deal was the occasional get together at Johns Oyster Resort. We rode the Interurban cars out there. Usually two cars were used. At a set time, they came back and picked up the people. The building is still standing and it is west of 61st right next to IH45 to Houston. Several years ago, Ethel and I ate there. It looks like it still is in business. These affairs were usually a "big blowout". With all the beer that they guzzled, it is a good thing that no cars were driven. I doubt that more than a half dozen did own cars. While all the celebration was going on, we kids amused ourselves by throwing oyster shells into the water to see if we could make them skip or skim across the top of the water. It was good fun, but once I cut my finger throwing a shell and it bled like a stuck pig, and it really did hurt. After it was bandaged, I got a good bawling out for doing it. It was bad enough to get an oyster shell cut. These oyster shell cuts do hurt. I think that one of the reasons for walking home from the Interurban station was to get the food settled and work off the effects of the beer. All in all, think that a grand time was had by all.

### *The Hurricane of 1915*

On September 15, 1915 a large and terrible hurricane struck Galveston and almost the whole part of the East End was demolished. In fact it did a lot of damage to the whole city. (See pictures in collection of newspaper clippings

about the storm) Our house was not knocked down, but lots of shingles on the roof were blown off, and some window glass was blown out. For this reason, the interior suffered a lot of water damage. The awful stench in the house stayed for a long time. All walls, ceilings and floors were damaged. In order to clean up this mess, all wall and ceiling paper was torn off including the canvas. The whole place was hosed down and washed with Lysol solution. After the interior had dried out, it was repapered and painted.

The house next to our house on the east side was knocked down but it fell to the east. The house to the east of that had been knocked down and washed into alley and hit houses that faced M street behind us. The corner house at the N.W. corner of 12th and M 1/2 was turned around. It also was a low house like a bungalow and it was full of mud and stinky gook.

Two houses across the street from us were knocked down and badly damaged. The rushing water played havoc almost everywhere a person looked. Almost everywhere one looked to the east of us, the houses were all down.

There was a large washout under the seawall between 12th and 11th streets. It washed out as far as L Street and really cut into the ground from the seawall heading north. As it washed under the wall, it was over 17ft deep because the seawall is 17ft high, and it washed out under it. The seawall at the point of washout is located at about N 1/2 street. It washed out as far as L Street and this meant that it went North from N 1/2 to N to M 1/2 to M and ended on L. There was a commissary house located between 11th and 12th street on M 1/2. It was blown

over or knocked over by combination of water and wind. It was a wonder that it did not fall into the washout.

For a while this washout was a pretty good fishing place, It was pretty deep for several feet and the rising tides could push water through the washout under the sea wall. The fishing did not last very long, for as soon as the city began to clean up the mess the sand that had been washed into the yards and under houses was dug out by owners and put into streets where mule drawn wagons with two drivers came and shoveled the discarded sand into wagons and hauled it into washout, and other large holes. Several times the mules pulling the wagons would get stuck in the quicksand, and they had to be shot. There was no way to get them out alive, so they were shot as a humane gesture.

Going through this storm made a lasting impression on me and created a fear of Hurricane winds. Even today when hurricanes are bouncing around in the Gulf, I get apprehensive. I know what the hurricane force winds can do and saw first hand what the water can do. They are a terrible destructive force. Once you have been through one, you have respect for their potential. During the storm, we could see the house roofs being blown down the streets which had 5 or 6 feet of water in them. We could see furniture, clothing, parts of houses, mules and horses and no end to the floating trunks. The lightning and roaring wind and terrible rain did really frighten me.

Downtown, a laundry burned and through the glare in sky, we could see the large fast moving black clouds. During the storm we were staying at an Aunt and Uncle's home about 16th or

17th street on Ave L or K, I can't remember that point, It was a little farther from the Gulf. The house we were in was a two story, and the lower floor had about 4 ft of water in it.

The walk back home after the storm was a traumatic experience for me. To see so much damage and unbelievable conditions, dead horses and mules and so much mud and filth really did leave its impression on me. We were fortunate not to see any dead people.

To give anyone an idea of how high the water was I want to give the facts. Our house sat on 8" x 8" x 7' wood posts. The water level under the house was just under 2 ft. from the floor. We were about 1 1/2 blocks from the seawall and it is 17 ft. high. Just imagine how the water covered the island. The streets slope downward from Gulf to harbor. That should give the reader and idea how much water covered the City.

In the book "Death from the Sky" the writer tells of water so high in the storm of 1900 that rescue missions brought rescued and injured people onto the second story porch of the old St. Mary's Infirmary. They used skiffs which are small boats. Of course it would have been much worse at that time because in 1900 Galveston did not have a seawall.

#### *Grandma's & Grandpa's Schumann's Deaths*

All the events that I have mentioned this far were all part of my growing up. Most were pleasant and some were very distressing. As I grew older after the 1915 storm, things began to change. Grandma Schumann died of cancer of the liver on April 17, 1917. Her's was a pain filled death. The morphine that they were using did not help

stop the pain. She was at home at this time, and the memory of her dying is still fresh in my memory. Instead of letting me out of the house, I had to sit on the deacon's bench located in the hall in front part of house. Her room was in the rear, but I could her terrible screaming very plain where I was. She died a horrible death. It was days before I could get the sound of the screaming out of my mind.

Events at the funeral were bad also. She was buried at Lakeview Cemetery which is a low level plot of ground.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, water splashed over it. On top of that, as each shovelful of dirt was thrown into the grave, the water splashed also. It was a horrible thing for them to do.



Grandpa lived a while longer. After Grandma's death, he made weekly visits to the grave and sometimes twice a week. He rode the street cars and had to transfer downtown to the Ft. Crockett line. It took him within about a block from the cemetery. Sometime after Grandma died, he made a bench to take to the grave site so he could sit next to the plot. He spent a lot of time there. Often I would go out there with him to cut the grass on the plot. He used hand shears and he made a small rake about 8" wide and handle about 18" long. The tools were wrapped in newspaper and also carried on the street cars.

Every time that he went, he took some flowers from the yard. It was his custom to sit out there for at least a couple of hours. I suppose he thought back on his and Grandma's years together. Sometimes when we cut the grass, I would see him wipe away tears from his eyes. He lived a while longer and died in his sleep on November 10, 1925.

I was 16 at the time and I felt a great loss. I recall going to his empty room after the funeral and crying. Their record cabinet, Edison phonograph, his chairs also made by him plus the music boxes were all there. Some years later, this room was mine.

### *School Days*

Back to younger days. When I was 7 years old, I started school. I attended Rosenberg located between 11th and 12th streets and between streets G and H. It was a square block, and the school sat about in the center. Henry Rosenberg made a donation to the city to build this school. It was a fine building. Good planning went into its construction.

It now has been torn down and some modern garbage is in its place. I learned a lot about Henry Rosenberg as I did a lot of research preparing a speech I made on Rosenberg at the Galveston City Hall on a Rosenberg Day celebration. He did many good things for the city of Galveston. The library, and the Heroes' Monument on 29 and Broadway are among the many.

After starting school, it cut into a lot of my free time. Gone were the times that I could go down to the beach and walk

on the sand or swim. (Under my Father's eyes) It was not too long before I was trusted out by myself.

I really started school with a bang. At the first Thanksgiving time our teacher Miss Alice Johnson (I will never forget her name) told us to make a Crayola drawing of a log cabin like the ones that the Pilgrims built, and bring it to class the following morning. I figured that I would be smart and get Pop to make one for me. Well, I asked him to do it so we could hang them on the wall for decorations. He made one and of course it looked good.

Next morning I took it to class and gave it to Miss Johnson. I told her that I had made it and she told me that it was so good that I should make another and we could put one on each side of the blackboard. Well, the logical thing happened. I could not even begin. My embarrassment was acute if not worse. She really deflated my ego.

### *Diphtheria*

At this time also, I had an experience that most likely affected my life more than I realized. In the winter of that year, I contracted diphtheria and it went hard for me for quite some time. Even after getting over the disease, the after effects took their toll. Somehow, I was never told what really happened. The long story was that I had heart problems caused by the spinal shots and the high fever. I missed out a whole term of school and it was quite a while before I could go out in the yard. Pop had to carry me down the steps. Now I often wonder if this was the beginning of my present heart disease.

After recovery the following year I did a lot of walking with Pop. He would come

by the school when classes were dismissed for the day, and we would go walking. We started down north on 12th street until we came to the wharf. Then we walked down the wharves westerly and walk as far as pier 25 which was the Mallory Line dock. Then we would walk south down 25th street to Market street and then turn east down Market to 20th street. There on the South East corner was a large store called Gengler's. They sold all kinds of groceries, but our main interest was always the delicatessen and bakery. There we would buy some Thuringer or Cervelat sausage. Sometimes, we bought some cheese. All were imported from Germany. In bakery we bought rye bread with seed and headed for home. Most times the total cost was 25¢. We ate that for supper and it really was good. Today the items that we bought then would cost around \$5.00 or more.

Often I was sent there to buy some imported sauerkraut and Mom served it with pork roast, potato dumplings and the sauerkraut. It was good eating. The sauerkraut when bought came from wooden barrel and they put it into a wooden pail and then wrapped it with wax paper. On the way walking home down Broadway, I usually punched a whole into the paper, and pulled out some sauerkraut and ate it. Needless to say, I got bawled out for it, but it bounced off deaf ears.

### *Going to Work*

At about age 12, I began working odd jobs after school and at vacation time. All that I earned went to the family upkeep except about \$8.00 which I kept out to buy me a scout uniform. This was a period of good times and education. I became very active in scouting and managed to get some part time jobs also. One of the jobs that I had was as a car hop at a joint at about

15th and Boulevard. At that time there were no girl car-hops but just boys and I remember one large place around 6<sup>th</sup> and Boulevard that had two men working there. They were always busy. All that we received for the work was the tips that we received. Sometimes we were lucky if we made 50¢ for about five hours work. We were entitled to a free root beer when we finished.

### *Scouting*



Two events that fill my memories about this time happened while I was a scout. The first was an accident that happened while we were camping at Dickinson. The Galveston area scouts had built a log cabin type building on land owned by a man named Lobit. He let us use a great deal of land around there and Dickinson Bayou ran right around the borders of the camp. On the day this happened, our troop was the only one there. We were swimming in the Bayou, and two sisters whose family was camped up stream came down to swim with us. The oldest who was about 14 yrs old, was a good swimmer and all had good time. The oldest girl dove off the pier and she did not come up. Mr. Deleery, our Scoutmaster, told me to go under and see what was wrong. I dove straight down and was lucky to spot her right away in the murky water. She had one leg wedged in between the trunk and a limb of a sunken tree. She just panicked and it was no problem to get her loose.



I brought her to the surface and to top of pier. Mr. Deleery began artificial respiration and it seemed like gallons of water came out of her, but it was mostly from vomiting. She had swallowed a lot of water, and was gasping for air. She soon snapped out of it. She was lucky as she was gasping for air when I brought her up. Once she got all that dirty water out of her she did alright. After it was all over, I was pretty shook up and very nervous for a while. When I grabbed her in the water, I felt that she was dead. I marveled at my good fortune to find her with the first dive.



Me & Fred Bridges Boxing

Another event, that I will never forget is the day that I was elected Mayor for

Galveston. Each year the Galveston area scouts elected one of the scouts to be Mayor on Boy Scout day. I was elected to serve but really never did act as Mayor. The day before I was to serve we were out at the jetties fishing. All had ridden our bikes out there and not too long after starting to fish, I got sick and vomited. I had real sharp pains in my abdomen and had to head for home. I could not ride my bike so I had to walk and push the bike. It was about 3 miles to our home. When I got home I just collapsed and my parents called Dr. Peters who had his office in the home on 12th and Broadway. He got there pretty fast and he told my parents that I must go to the Hospital because I had an acute attack of appendicitis. Around 1 p.m. they did surgery, so the next day the "Mayor" was in St Mary's Infirmary. Note newspaper clipping covering my reign as the "Mayor"

One more event that I will never forget about my years as Scout took place when four of us scouts were assigned to get the camp ready for all the troop camp-out that night and next day. Mr. Deleery had asked four of us: Eddie Rayner, Robert Bridges, Roy Holzheuser and me to go. He had borrowed a model T Ford touring car from Mr. Rasmunsen who was the Ford dealer in Galveston and we loaded it up. Among the things that we were taking was a 50 gallon wood water barrel. It stood upright in the back seat between Ed and Roy. I was in front seat and Robert Bridges was driving.

To paint a background of the events that followed, I must mention something about Robert Bridges. His problem was that he was slightly nuts. I don't mean crazy, but slightly goofy at times. Well he drove the Ford and all went well until we hit the last curve in the road before getting into Dickinson.

This was a double curve over railroad tracks. The first was a left curve and after crossing the tracks, we were supposed to turn right. We were going so fast that we never made the curve but flipped over in a pasture off the road. When we stopped, the car was on top of us, and the Lord must have been looking out for us birds. For some reason, the barrel stayed upright and kept the rear of the Ford up a little bit. We all crawled out. The touring car top was mashed down on top of us and we made out alright. Not a scratch or cut. A crowd soon gathered and helped us roll the Ford over on its wheels. One man in a truck tied a rope on the car and pulled it back on the road. When we got it on the side of road, we picked up all the stuff that was scattered about. Then we crammed the mangled roof and glass from the windshield into the car. It cranked up on the second try and we went on our way to the camp.

On arrival at the camp, we parked it on side of camp and cleaned it up and it looked like a topless model T. The only thing was that the steering wheel amounted to only three forks from hub to wheel itself. It had disintegrated when we rolled over. When Mr. Deleery saw it, his first words were "My word!" After that, it was kinda tough. I think that he was relieved to see that not one of us was hurt. He fixed it up with Mr. Rasmussen to have us deliver circular ads for three Saturdays in a row, and he forgot the bill. That was ok, but it was more punishment than one would imagine. That cut us out of three Saturdays work and that hurt. We felt that we were lucky, but Robert was in the dog house with his parents and others. It was as much our fault as his as we could have stopped him and one of us should have taken over the job of driving. It was the only time that any of us boys got into trouble. We had a full troop of 32 boys and 8 cubs, and that

is not a bad record for the length of time that we were involved in scouting. It covered about four years of very active scouting.

For a short time I served as assistant Scoutmaster, but had to give it up due to the fact I was in high School and also trying to earn some money. Those were years of very good times and we all learned a great deal about the outdoors and good common sense.

Sometime after this period, I got a job at Black Hardware Co. I worked on the top floor with the heavy stuff such as bath tubs, cast iron sewer pipe, water pipe and fittings and other heavy stuff such as roofing paper. It was a hard hot job with very little ventilation on the top floor. We had two large windows facing the north and that was all. It was great if the wind blew in from the north, but prevailing winds in Galveston are southerly and easterly.

### *The Rayner Family*

No account of these times in which I shared are complete with mentioning the Rayner family. They lived just about a block from us on M. Their house was the second house from 12th street facing south. Mrs. Rayner's brother lived in the corner house on 12th and M. Mr. Rayner had died quite a while before I got to know the family. Mrs. Rayner had a good sized brood to take of. She had six girls and two boys. For a long time she had a problem until the children were old enough to work. Mary was the oldest. Next came Martha. She was born afflicted with a large head which at that time was called "water" on the brain. She had very little ability to talk and her movements were more of a shuffle. Gertrude was next. She worked for H.H. Morris Photo Studio. William was next. I never did get to know him,

only by sight. He was never at the house when I was there. He was married and that is about all that I know about him. Edna came next and she was very reserved and had what might be called an "aloof attitude". Then came Ella, then Elizabeth and the last was Frances. I think that Eddie came between Elizabeth and Frances.

They also had a boarder whose name was George Steinhort. He was chauffeur and handy man for Judge Robinson an old-timer in the Galveston judicial system. He and Eddie shared a room over the garage in rear of their lot. He was an avid fisherman and Eddie and I went with him when we were not working. He had a skiff and an outboard motor. Often we went out as far as the lighthouse and fished from the base of the lighthouse.

I spent a lot of time with the family except William. As, I mentioned before, he just was not around. George always made home brew and it was a source of contention with Mary, the pious one. She really thought that all were damned especially Gertrude who also made the stuff for Mr. Morris in the dark room of his Studio. Every time that I brought some negatives from Pop, I got a cold bottle. It was good stuff.

Elizabeth, Ella and, Frances often went swimming with me at the foot of 12th street. I went whenever I did not work, or got off at 5 pm. We had a lot of fun, but it sure was nothing serious. Elizabeth married Rev. Pfennig – Asst. Pastor at our Church. Everybody knew it was going to happen.

Ella married a man who was a lawyer, but I don't remember his name. Frances married a carpenter name Charles

Funke. He was a nice fellow too. Eddie and I spent a lot of time together. The last that I heard from him, he was still working for the Electric Supply Co. So was Bill Fockelmann, the foreman. He is a member of first Lutheran Church in Galveston and the Pastor told me about two years ago that he was still doing fine. For a while Eddie and I worked for Electric Supply Co at the same time.

#### *Uncle August's 1919 Dodge*

Sometime prior to 1927-8, Uncle August sent his 1919 Dodge for Pop to use. Uncle August had used it roaming around the Hill country collecting money and carrying on his business. It was a touring car and in pretty good shape. He had an idea that Pop should come with the whole family to the hill country and spend some time there. Our family was in favor of the trip so plans were made to go the coming summer. We tuned up the car and all was in good shape.

When the time came to go, we loaded up the car until I thought that the springs would break. We had two spares mounted on rims, on the rear. The running board on the right had side of the car also had a storage rack built on it. We could now be loaded to the gills.

Pop began to put the pressure on me again for me to show him how to drive. A previous attempt failed due to the fact that he couldn't steer in a straight line. I was afraid that he would be a menace on the streets and road. Anyway, I took him out again on the seawall drive and I stopped the car on the curb line and cut off motor. We had been through the starting and shifting procedure a number of times before. He flunked again on the starting proce-

dure. He almost ruined the starter by failing to release the starter switch. He tried it again and finally got motor running.

We were on the south side of the sea-wall drive so he had no intersections to contend with. First time he had car in gear when he started the motor. He tried again and got the motor running. He had an awful time getting gears shifted but finally got moving. Again, he veered off course to inside and I told him to move over. He went to far and hit the curb. We tried for what I thought was an eternity, and finally gave up. We went home and tried to explain that he had no sense of control and talked him into waiting until we came home from our trip, and then try again on west beach and the sand drive.

He thought that he could learn to drive and drive on the road to the Hill country. He never did learn to drive, even after he and Robert lived together. Robert always drove. He would have gotten us all killed before we got out of Houston enroute to Fredericksburg. Dan, who was living at the house with Clara at the time also checked the car over and said it was Ok. He was a mechanic for the Cotton Concentration Co. and worked as a mechanic keeping up a fleet of Fordson tractors which were used to pull cotton trailers between compresses and docks.

We started out early one morning and we were really loaded down. At about 8:30pm we came to the last hill before entering Hedwig's Hill where Uncle Emile and Aunt Mary lived. The last hill was never conquered by us that day. Nearly to the top the engine got so hot it knocked all the time, so I pulled off the road to a flat spot and parked. We slept there that night and almost froze.

Early in the morning, Eddie and I walked to the bottom of the hill and found a farmhouse close by. He went over and asked the man if we could get some water for the car and told him what had happened. He offered to drive us up so we let him do it. When he saw the car, he said, "Hell, that's old man Zincke's car." We told him that it was and explained how we happened to have it and be there on the hill top. Anyway, he hung around until we got the Dodge started and down hill we went to Uncle Emile's farm.



Uncle Emil Keller's House

We rolled into the drive in a cloud of dust. I was really glad that we made it that far. It took me about two days to quit shaking. We spent a month there and had a real good time.

Eddie and I slept outdoors in the woods just behind Uncle Emile's house. We did a lot of hunting and fishing. Rabbits were the most plentiful. We shot a few squirrels, but they were so small after dressing them that it was not worth the trouble. We caught a few fish and killed a lot of rattle snakes and some were pretty big. Cousin Johnnie's dog was bitten by a moccasin in the Llano River. Next day Johnnie came out of the river with one of the snakes hooked on the

skirt of his swimming suit. That cured Eddie and I on the swimming in the river. We had a very enjoyable vacation and made all the good spots in the Hill country.

One of our trips to Enchanted Rock, we roamed all over the place most of the day. When we were ready to go back to Hedwig's Hill, the Dodge would not start. I did all that I knew about cars at that time without any luck. We found a telephone in the caretaker's office and called the Dodge people in Fredericksburg. A mechanic came out pretty quick and told us that the vacuum pump was hanging up and that we needed to get it overhauled. He told me to keep the motor running as fast as possible and he stayed behind us. Man, we really flew down Main Street of Fredericksburg.

On that model Dodge, the vacuum pump took the place of a fuel pump. It was good when it worked. It was OK all the way back to Galveston.

The Dodge lasted quite a while, and I just can't recall what happened to it. When Robert got a job he bought a car and it was the family transportation, but that was after Ethel and I were married.

#### *Working and Going to School*

After this time for a period of years, there came a succession of jobs that kept me busy during school and also vacation time. I got a good job as a cotton and merchandise checker for the Mallory Steamship Line. Its docks were at pier 25 and had passenger service and freight also with two sailings and arrivals weekly. They went to New York via Key West. They did a good passenger service and the ships were first

class with good service. They made many trips with all passenger accommodations taken and cargo holds full. Two ships that were in regular line were the Henry R. Mallory and the San Jacinto. Pop made a trip to New York and managed to get on each ship.

The job was a good job and I could have stayed on the job as a regular checker. I did some part time work, but I had made up my mind to finish High School. I often wonder if I did the right thing. The \$32.50 per week plus overtime was a great temptation. Maybe not staying was the right move because when Galveston lost its business to Houston, the Mallory Line quit operating into the city. Cotton checking was a good job at that time. Galveston was handling a record cotton business and the docks very really bustling with all kinds of work.

Perhaps the worst job that I had while working there was caused by a fire in one of the holds of the SS San Jacinto. The hold in which the fire erupted was caused by spontaneous combustion in the cotton bale section. Normally, it would have just been a mess, but this one was a super mess. In the same hold they had barrels of Triple X Hot Beer concentrate and one level was full of clothing such as Khaki work clothes and also blue jeans and overalls. In the last level of the hold were bundles of uncured hides.

To put out the fire, the crew turned live steam into the sealed hold and snuffed out the fire. Just imagine what it smelled like when the hatch covers were opened. It aired out and then we went to the cotton level check what cotton was there. We worked about two hours down there and gagged and vomited most of the time. The odor was as



bad as any that a person could imagine. Even longshoremen had a rough job unloading the mess. Hides were piled on one side and were removed by salvage broker and the insurance adjusters checked all the clothing for claim settlement. All of it was piled out over the docks to dry and then put up for salvage sale. Very little was really ruined, but the hide and syrup mixture with live steam really made a powerful stench.

When I got home, I came in the alley way and took off all my clothes except shorts and then hollered for Mom to give me a towel, wash cloth and the Lysol. I bathed in the back yard where the fireplace for heating wash water was. I scrubbed about three times before I felt clean. I just threw my work clothes in a tub with Lysol added to water and let them soak over night. Mom boiled them the next day.

The next day I had to work on the dock watching the merchants bidding on the clothes with insurance adjusters. There still was a powerful odor around the place, but by Monday all merchandise was gone. The Lord felt sorry for us so he produced one of Galveston's great gully washing rainstorm. It washed most of the sticky mess off the dock. I often wondered how they got the odor out of the cotton, but they hauled it all away. It was the only unpleasant time that I had working for Mallory Line.

The job lasted a good while as Galveston was doing a great business with cotton that year. It was a real boom. I can still see in my minds eye all those tractor pulled trailers loaded with cotton running down Broadway and onto the docks. Galveston compresses were always full of bailed cotton waiting to go to dock and railroad freight yards for

shipment.

The next year I got a job with the Morgan Line. It was a freight line also between Galveston and New York. It was a part of the Southern Pacific Transportation System. This time I did not work on the docks, but in the office of the Superintendent. I was a runner and a mail clerk. The runner meant that you went between all three points of the system where offices were located. That meant on the last wharf on west end of Galveston, to the railroad freight house around 32nd and A, just off the wharf, and to Downtown office, with stops at the post office. It was a good job and I made a pretty fair amount of overtime. This S.S. Line also moved a huge amount of cotton and bushels of grain from their elevator located on the docks east of their own pier. No grain was handled on Morgan Line ships. Some of the names of the ships that I remember are: El Norte, El Sud, El Oriente and others that I don't remember. They were all kept in tip top condition and very clean.

After quite a while I quit the Morgan Line and went to work for the Electric Supply Co. It paid more money. I had a job as an Electric helper apprentice. It was a hot and dirty job at times but the pay was good. Most jobs were on ships in Galveston Harbor. Sometimes we had to go out into the Bolivar ways and board a ship that had problems. If the ship had bad electric problems we wanted to get on it right away to be sure the boat was able to sail on schedule. The majority of times the problem was a burned up generator armature. We took out the bad armature and took it to the shop and re-wound it. If it was a hurry up job, we often worked overtime repairing the armature.

I started out as a stripper whose job it was to get all the burned copper stripped out and bars were unsoldered from commutator. When new bars were shaped and insulated, the main man put them into the correct place and the solder man soldered the copper to the cleaned up commutator. It was then baked at low heat so wet insulation did not blister. Soon as it was cool, we went to ship and put it back in place and tested it.

All motors and generators were powered by steam. Some ships had the steering mechanism powered by an electric motor and these sometimes also burned out. Auxiliary steering was done by steam turbine if electric steering failed. For some reason, the crews hated the steam power for steering. Eddie Rayner also worked for this company at the same time, but he was in the local wiring and repair section of the company. The last time that heard from him, he was still on the job.

I almost gave in to Bill Fockelmann and stayed on the job as a regular, but I still had my mind set to finish high school. I did go back and do some part time work for them at times when not working some other place. The knowledge that I gained about D. C. electricity on this job, put me in the top of list when I went to work for Pullman Co.

*Today is February 5, 1980 and since completing this page a portion of our lives has been taken from us. On January 24th Bill died from a heart attack as he was leaving his office. Services were held for him at his Church in La Crosse, Wisconsin on January 27th. Many friends filled the Church and newspaper printed comments of City leaders and Clergy. All praised him for his civic work for the needy and dis-*

*tressed. His compassion for his fellow man was very much in evidence to all who came in contact with him. Funeral services were held in Houston on January 30th at Zion Lutheran Church. In this church, he was Baptized, Confirmed, Married and Ordained as a Pastor. Many friends and several Pastors were in attendance including Pastor Niehaus from Warren, Michigan. It was in his Church (Christ Lutheran) that Bill served his internship. Warren is a close suburb of Detroit and Bill was there during the riots. He and another pastor gathered up food and clothing from area churches and took them into the burned out areas. Most people had lost everything and were grateful to Bill and his friend. He was a very compassionate man and his labors reached people in his ministry. The many expressions of sorrow extended to us attest to his outreach for all. His devoted wife, Susan, and their children Matthew, Angela and Christiana mourn together with us at our great loss.*

#### *More Work and School*

To continue my recollections, my next place that I worked during summer vacation and after school work, was the Buccaneer Hotel located on the boulevard in Galveston. I had the job lined up before job was open. It was as an assistant storekeeper and was for the summer vacation months and after school and Sunday hours. Regular hours were 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. and seven days per week. As the Hotel was located on the Boulevard, I could easily walk from 13th to 23rd street. I worked for a time and after school and hours were from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m.

It really was a good job as far as pay and working conditions were concerned. One day I came to work and Chef Kelly who was my boss told me that he had been transferred to an-

other hotel in Birmingham, Alabama. The Buccaneer was one of a chain of Moody hotels. As most times when men were shifted, all the cooks etc. went along with the chef. This I could not visualize so I was out of a job.

I had made up my mind to complete high school, and I was getting close to completing the courses. A number of incidental jobs that I did to earn money were to build or repair fences, build flower trellis and grape arbors. People were happy to have me do it and I earned some cash in the process. Sometimes I could earn \$10 to \$15 per week. Grandpa had taught me the rudiments of carpenter work and it paid off to my credit and the Schumann cash box. With all the jobs that I had, I put money into the Schumann coffers and held out some cash for me and this brings me up to the next subject.

### *Playing Accordion*

In this account of times that I was growing up in the teen years, I must include an account of the most enjoyable activity that I had. It was the time that I spent playing an accordion. The whole story begins one Christmas when Robert was given a toy accordion. He was supposed to be a musical genius to my parents and relatives because he could pick out tunes on the piano with only one finger. To make the story short, he did not learn to play the accordion so I took over and learned to play it. It was a concertina type where one key depressed would make one note when accordion was pulled out and another when it was compressed. I soon wore it out.

I had saved up about \$12.00 so I ordered another one from Sears Catalogue. It was the same type as the toy but larger and more keys. It was great

and I became a good player with it. I had many enjoyable hours with it. This instrument lasted about 1 1/2 years.

I had been saving money all along to get another but still larger one. I had around \$20.00 stashed away so I bought one from Goggin's Music Shop in Galveston. When I began to play this one, I thought that I had died and gone to Heaven. No one can appreciate how much joy that I had being able to play the larger instrument. All my playing was from memory and I never had a music lesson to enable me to read the notes.

I soon started stashing away cash in anticipation of buying a small piano accordion. In spare time I drooled over pictures in Music Store catalogue. The main one was an Italian Music Shop in Chicago. One month they had a good sale on one instrument. It was by no means like the ones that you see professional people use today. It was mostly basic stuff. It had two octaves and 14 bass keys. I sent money order for \$45 and the family resented my spending the money for an accordion. I told them it was my money and that they would not have to pay for any lessons. After a while the family accepted the accordion and began to ask me to play certain selections. I often took it to League meetings and had a good time. I serenaded Ethel with "Moonlight and Roses" and just about blew her mind. (My comment). I never did realize my ambition to own a regular sized instrument. The last one gave up and expired just before Ethel and I were married.

### *Graduating from Ball High School*

I got another job during vacation time and after school working at the 400 Auto Supply Co. Job was more or less as a pump monkey, but did sell tires and supplies at times. I made good

money and it was close to Ball High School. I could get to work fast and easy.

About this time I was looking forward to Graduation from high school. I was supposed to graduate in 1929 and had the invitations and ring bought. Also was listed in the "Purple Quill" the school magazine. About a week before commencement, Mr. W.L. James, the principal told me that I lacked 1/2 term of foreign language. That was quite a shock to me and Miss Lawrence, the teacher.

I had to continue school and took two Spanish classes, shop and study periods. I got out of school at 1:15 p.m. and went to work at 400 Auto supply Co again. The hours were 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.

When I did graduate in 1930, I quit the Auto Supply Co. and went to work for Daferner's Book Store as a clerk and picture frame maker. Hours were from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Saturdays. It was without a doubt that it was under the most miserable working conditions that I ever had. Mrs. Daferner who was in the store quite a bit, was crude, ignorant stinky. She never did like me as I would not pay any attention to her as per Mr. Daferner's instructions. I could not understand why she was so much against me. She even went so far as to try to get customers to tell Mr. Daferner to fire me because I would not help them etc. Many times Mr. Daferner ran her out of the store. They often had terrible arguments in the store when it had customers there. It was embarrassing to all including their son, who also worked there. After it was necessary for me to get eye glasses, Mrs. Daferner told me that I did not need glasses and

that I was just trying to look like a big shot. Her son heard the remarks and he became angry and told her off.



My High School Graduation Picture

### *Marrying Ethel*

In spite of all the problems and terrible working conditions, Ethel and I made up our minds to be married. She was working for the Texas Prudential Insurance Co. just about a block from Daferner's Store. The first mistake that I made in our married life was to insist that Ethel quit her job. My German "macho" came out in my stupidity. Her salary would have kept us out of trouble when the first problem came up.

The N.R.A. instituted by President Roosevelt was designed to cut working hours of all employers so the compa-

nies would be forced to hire additional people to fill in the man hours needed to operate their businesses. Instead of working less hours with same pay, I worked same hours and got less pay. At that time, you took what you were offered or nothing at all.

We were married in the First Lutheran Church in Galveston on October 26, 1932 and spent our honeymoon in San Antonio. After buying the train tickets, we had about \$25.00 between us. Mom's youngest sister, Aunt Olga and her daughter and her husband took us to see the sights and had us over for dinner a couple of times. We had a very enjoyable time and it went by quickly. I don't think that either Ethel or I will ever forget those few days of our honeymoon.

On our return to Galveston, we set up housekeeping in a remodeled commissary house just off the southwest corner of 13th and M. The house was owned by the Trapini family who lived in the corner house. They were old timers in the neighborhood and were very pleasant to us.

With the pay cut I had received with the N.R.A. act, I had to start looking for another job. We would never have made it had it not been for Ethel's family helping us out financially. I soon found a job paying \$60.00 per month and commission. It was with the Magnolia Petroleum Co. as swing man working relief shifts at their seven stations in Galveston. The Mobil Co bought out this company a little later on.

Soon after, I was made asst. manager for the busiest station on 23rd and G. Base pay was a little higher and also commission, but none of us ever got

our full commission as the auditors always claimed we were short and that was in all the stations. When we complained, we were told that the auditor did not make mistakes, but that we did not take care of our book work. We all knew someone was pocketing the cash and quite a few quit at the same time. I could not afford to stop, but I was looking for work all the time. While struggling through this job, my golden opportunity came up and our fortunes took a turn for the better.

### *The Pullman Company*

Ethel's father was a railroad engineer for the Santa Fe in Galveston, and the foreman of the Pullman Sleeping Car Co. told him that Pullman was looking for a man with electrical experience to fill the job of Electrical helper apprentice in Galveston. The railroads were going full out in air conditioning all passenger cars and so was Pullman who operated sleeping cars on all railroads. I applied for the job and I got it.

The Inspector who was down from Chicago looked over my record with the Electric Supply Co. and told me that I would not go wrong going to work for Pullman. Several times when I was an inspector running around the country, I ran across him and he asked me if I recalled his remarks. Of course I did and the next time I saw him was in New Orleans when the Pullman Co had about 300 Pullmans parked in different yards and stations. At that time I was assistant to the regional manager of the Southwest region with headquarters in St Louis. I thought that he was going to cry when he asked me if I remembered his words to me when he hired me. I later found out when in Chicago, that he had made a very glowing report to the Supt. of Yards about my work and ability. He was a very good Pullman man from the "old School".

Supervising such moves as the per diem use of our cars took me to quite a few places around the country. Pullman made good money selling bed space in the parked cars when hotels in area were full. We kept them cool or warm as season required and a Porter was on duty 24 hours round the clock. Before New Orleans built more hotels I went to New Orleans for about seven years in a row for Mardi Gras and about the same for the Sugar Bowl. All of us really learned how to handle drunks. Most were too drunk to go see the parade or go to see the Bowl games.

The starting pay was 52¢ per hour with 3¢ raised every six months until journeyman rate of 75¢ per hour was reached. There was one bad time after going to work for Pullman. The railroads dictated when the air conditioning was to be in service, and as a consequence, I was furloughed on November 15, 1935.

#### *Pneumonia*

Things looked pretty glum for us, so I asked Mr. Daferner if I could help out with the oncoming Holiday business. He told me that I could go to work the next day, so I did. It was real tough for a while putting up with Mrs. Daferner, but I made it until I contracted pneumonia.

That really put us in a bind. We stayed at my parents' house and had my old room there. As I recovered, I had a terrible cough and could not shake it. The Doctor told me I should go to a high and dry place, so we struck out for Fredericksburg. We went to visit the famous Uncle August. We stayed there one night and the next morning I got a telegram from Pullman in Galveston to

come back to work.

Well, we practically ran back with the Model A Ford's wheels off the ground. We got back to Galveston, and I called the foreman. To my surprise, he told me that the job was in Houston, so we had to go back here and I found a night mechanic and he gave me the foreman's phone number. After getting information, we rented a tourist cabin out South Main St. We stayed there 14 days filling a vacancy left by a man who had gone to Miami for winter work. It was just enough to get my seniority established in Houston, so now I had District seniority in the Houston Zone. (Houston and Galveston) Later on, it was to play a big part in the supervisory positions that I held.

All in all, I covered about every job that was connected with supervisory branch of the company. The next year when the winter cut was made, I was "bumped" into the Houston yards and stayed there until the company died a slow death choked out by the Air Lines. Here in short order are the important steps of my Pullman status:

Apprentice to Journeyman electrical repairman. Then head electrician, Asst Foreman, Foreman, Asst. Supt in charge of yard matters, Traveling air condition inspector, Zone Inspector, Air conditioning trouble shooter Southwest Region consisting of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas and even went into New Mexico and California on special assignments, such as mechanical and electric supervisor for maintenance enroute to destination.

Sometimes this was an awful chore. One such case was going through the desert with 18 Hot Pullmans. They all were steam ejector cooled cars, and the Santa Fe failed to furnish a passen-



ger engine, and we did not have enough steam pressure to operate the ejector system. That was one trip that I sat up in the baggage car where the Shriner's had a bar set up and plenty of cold beer.

It was a long time before the squabble was settled, but the Santa Fe had goofed all the way up to Bakersfield, Cal. I had been wiring ahead for most of the way, and it was not until this point that the Santa Fe furnished a passenger engine with enough steam pressure. As soon as they were hooked up, the cooling went to work. I bet the master mechanic in Albuquerque was sick for a month.



My Crew at Union Station

My association with the Pullman Company was good for us.

Paul Jr. was born in Galveston while I was working winter job in Houston. The date of birth was January 13, 1937. Bill was born in Houston on August 30, 1941 in Houston. We had moved to Houston before this time and had built our homestead.

After 25 years with Pullman it was about to go out of business. I resigned

from Pullman Co. on September 1, 1959.

### *Zion Lutheran Church*

Right after that date, I went to work for Zion Church. It was a tough job and many people were hard to please. As maintenance man, I kept all buildings clean, did all running repairs with plumbing and small electrical and air conditioning jobs. In addition, I filled in for Pastors when they were not able to be at the Wednesday morning devotions. Also kept all the lawns cut and clean and did what ever was expected of me.

### *Heart Problems*

I began having trouble with my heart and it got to the point that I had to stop working. I resigned March 31, 1971. Soon after that I had my first heart attack and things got worse in short order. I received my Railroad and Social Security disability pension and have been on it ever since. The Veterans Hospital, where all Railroad men are sent for pension examinations, put a Bad Order Tag on me. That is railroad terminology for any equipment that is defective. They did not know how right they were.

### *Conclusion*

This is about to the point where I will stop. The dates of important events in Paul and Bill's life are recorded in our genealogy charts and I presume that the now upcoming generation will know these dates if they read this account of my memory of days past.

A great sadness now fills Ethel's and my hearts with the untimely death of Bill. The life of this family will never be the same and he will be sorely missed

## Events That I Remember

by us and his many friends.

"Das ist alles."

February 15, 1980

*Editor's Note*

I've tried to reproduce the writing on my father that he typed into an old mechanical typewriter on tissue paper that has now yellowed. Scanning the document created many errors and I have attempted to make all the corrections I could find so that the text agreed with his original. I also made very few changes to his grammar. I want it to stand in his own words, the way he told it.

A map and some genealogy charts are included to help you place the people he wrote about.

He included some pictures with his narrative. All those related to family have been included (some in the text and all at the end of this document). He included a number of his father's photographs from his father's travels. I've included just a few in this document.

If you have read this document, you know that a lot of what he wrote about was his work. He started to work when he was 12 to help support the family and he continued to work until he was no longer able to do so. He was not a "work-a-holic". He just had a strong sense of responsibility to support his family, and it became his purpose in life.

He finished writing this document on 2/15/80. Bill died on 1/24/80. It seems as if the energy and drive to write about his life left him as he wrote little after Bill's death. He died on 3/26/86 at 76 after a number of serious health issues and heart attacks. He even had heart bypass surgery.

As a result of his poor blood circulation and possibly the heart bypass, he developed senile dementia. I watched him and his memories disappear over the last 5 years of his life. One by one he lost a memory or recognition of someone or thing. At one point he could no longer recognize me. He could recognize his wife until the very end. But, as he lived in the memories he had, they quite often had something to do with work. He was always busy working to solve some problem usually with several other men from his work history. Work was important to him.

I wish that he would have included more of the stories he used to tell me about his family and childhood, and the songs. It'll be left to me to recall some of these and write them later, but my telling will not be as touching or as humorous.

Paul A. Schumann, Jr.

December 18, 2006

Austin, Texas

Events That I Remember



Aunt Hulda Zincke & Unknown



Aunt Hulda Zincke



Aunt Hulda Zincke & Unknown



Grandma & Grandpa Schumann



Aunt Hulda Zincke & Unknown



Grandma Schumann



Events That I Remember



Home in Galveston, 1220 Ave. M 1/2

Grandma Bergmann



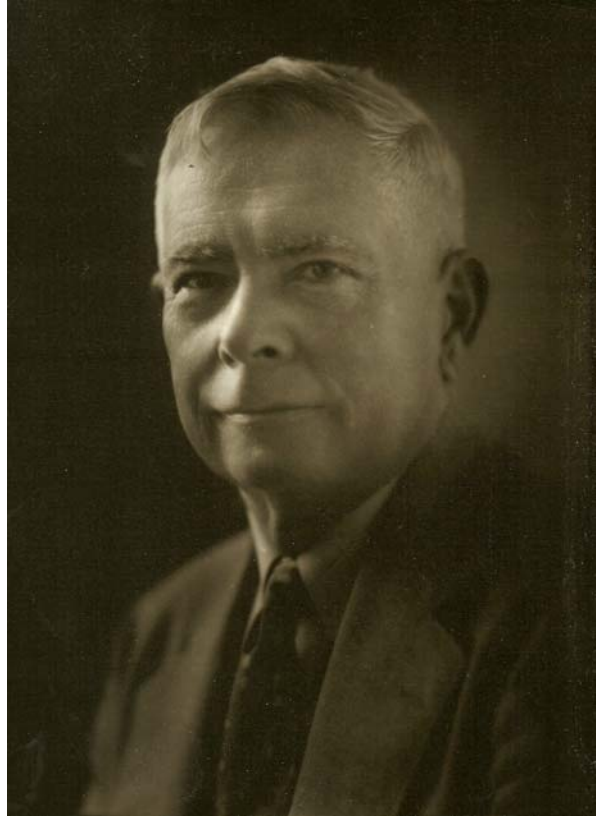
Grandpa Schumann

In front of home at 1220 M 1/2

Events That I Remember



My Mother



My Dad



Me & Clara



Events That I Remember



Mom, Me & Clara



Clara, Mom & Me



Clara, Me, Mom, Evelyn Strickhausen & Unknown

Events That I Remember



Me & Clara in Breckinridge Park, San Antonio



Clara, Me, Mom, Aunt Olga & Aunt Mary



Clara, Mom, Strickhausen Girl & Me



Clara



Events That I Remember



Clara



Me & My Toy Soldiers



Me & Clara



Me, Mom, Clara & Unknown



Me & Toy Soldiers

Events That I Remember



Enchanted Rock



Hill Country



Enchanted Rock



Little Sandy Creek



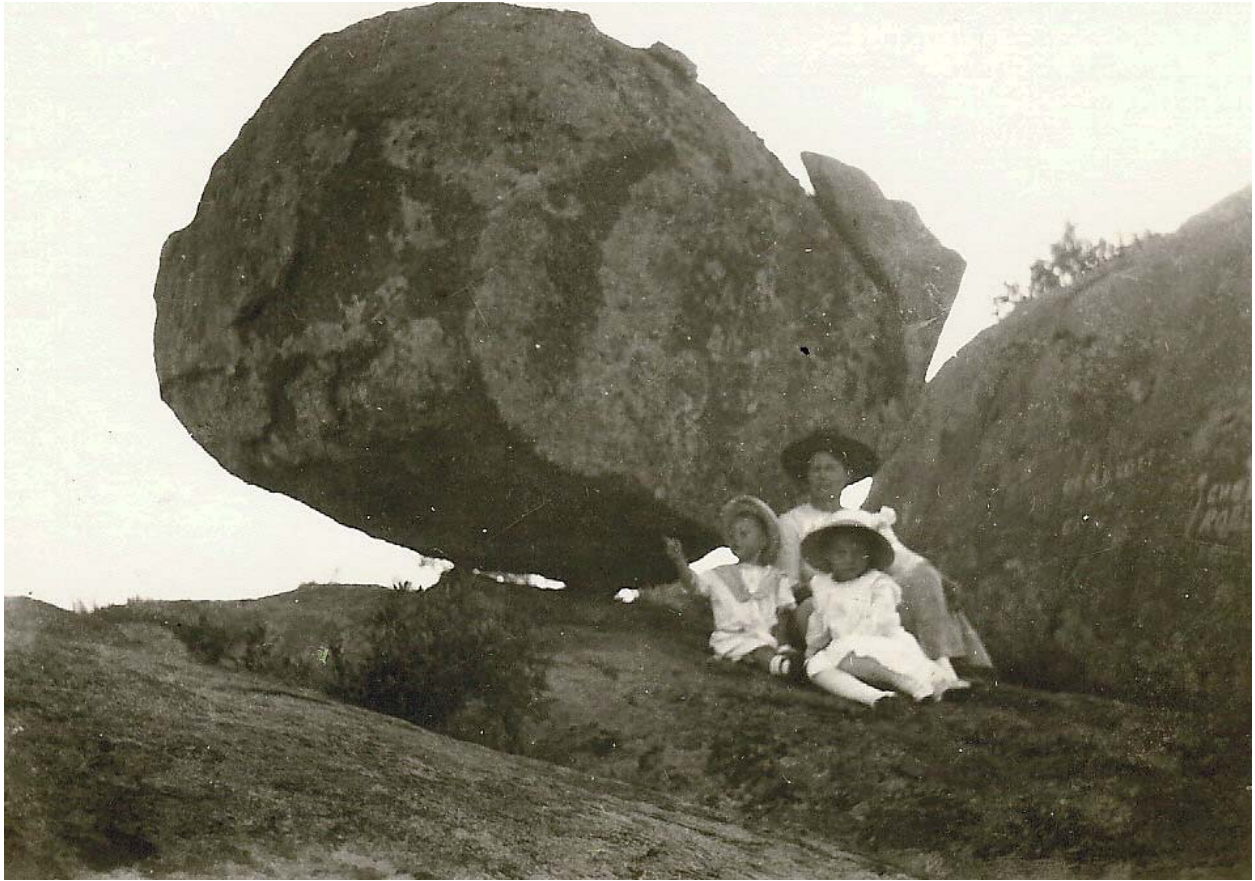
Hill Country



Mule Train in front of Uncle Emil's Home



Events That I Remember



Me, Mom & Clara at Balanced Rock



Pedernales River



Scene Near Llano



Events That I Remember



Near Uncle Emil's House



Sunday House in Fredericksburg



Uncle Emil Keller's House



Pop Painting Near Fredericksburg



Uncle Emil's House



Uncle August Zinke, Aunt Hulda & Others



Events That I Remember



Me



Me, Clara & Robert



Clara



Mom, Pop & Robert



Mom, Me & Robert

Events That I Remember



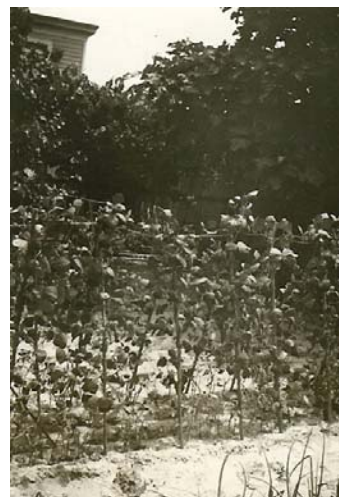
Robert



Robert



Pop & Our Pet Alligator



Our Back Yard



Events That I Remember



Mom



Pop



Me & Fred Bridges Boxing



My Boy Scout Troop



Pop

Events That I Remember



Pop, Mom, Me & Robert



Pop Painting



Pop Painting



Pop's Students



Events That I Remember



Pop's Students



Pop's Cat—Tiger



Pop's Studio



Events That I Remember



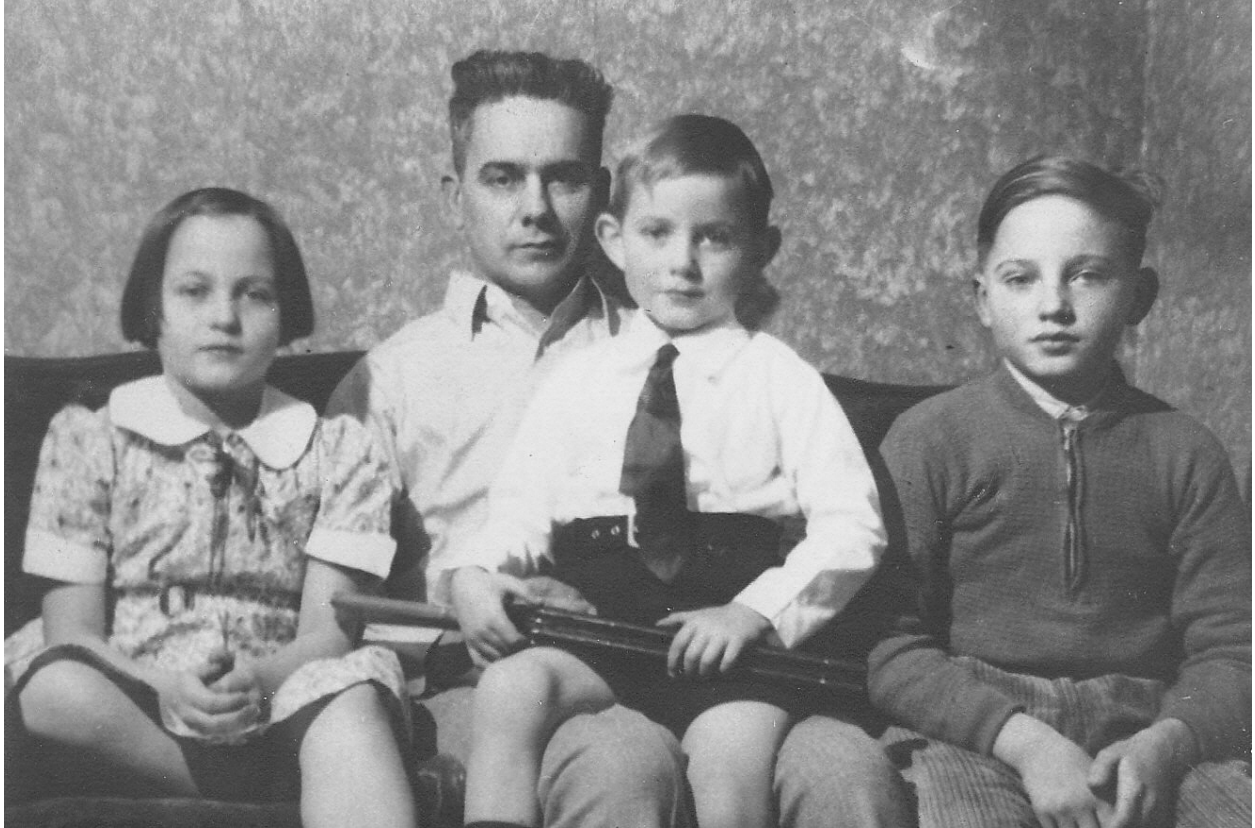
Gus, Mrs. Lenzen & Fred



Schumann & Lenzen Tribes



Events That I Remember



Pauline, Dan, Bob & Dan Jr. Chamness



Bob, Clara, Dan, Pauline and Dan Jr. Chamness



Pauline, Pop, Bob & Dan Jr.

Events That I Remember



Paul Holding Pauline & Bob with Paul Jr. & Dan in Front



Pop & Paul Jr. at Our House in Houston



Charcoal Sketch of Mom by Pop



Events That I Remember



This view is of the walk on the west side of the homestead and leads to the entrance door to my room under the studio that we made when Clara and Dan moved into my room upstairs. It was great for me because I came and went and did not have to go through the house when I worked late after school. Also, no one knew when I came home from the Rayners with too much brew under my belt.



Ship Coming Into Harbor



Gulf at 5th Street



High Surf on Seawall



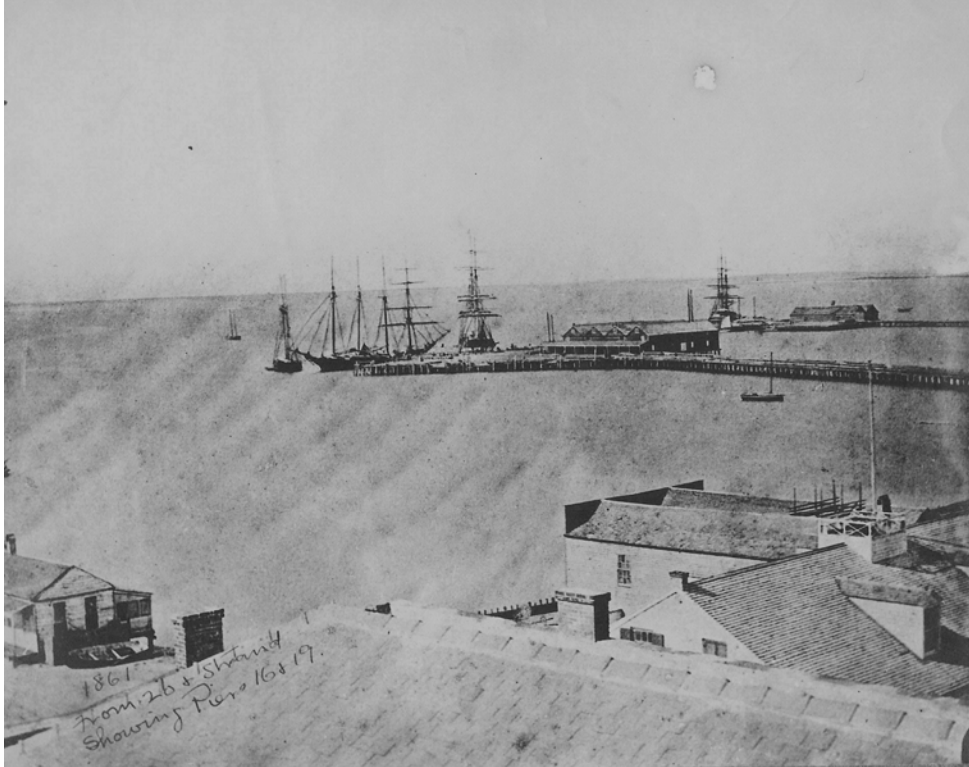
Immigration Station Pelican Island



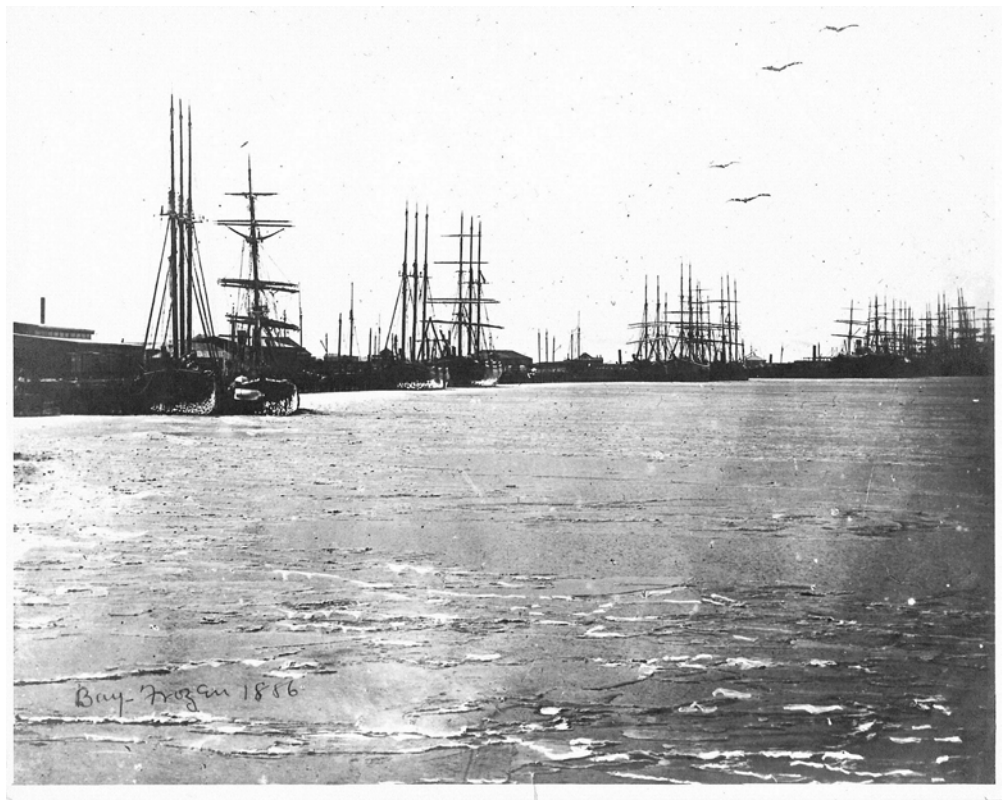
A picture of my crew at Union Station when the first of the light weight Eagle cars came to Houston. I am second from the left on the bottom row. At that time, I was first assistant foreman. At one time I had six assistants working under me. My boss was the big guy on the right. I got his job after he went nuts and then was made Asst. Superintendent in charge of yard operations.

I was then promoted to Asst. to the Regional Manager in St. Louis but I was out of Houston too much, so I came back to the foreman's job until the bottom fell out of the Pullman Company and passenger business in general. I worked 25 years for Pullman. I was hired in Galveston on May 6, 1935 and an Electrical—mechanical Apprentice at 52 ¢ an hour and made journeyman three years later and made the grand sum of 75¢ per hour which was the going rate for journeyman. Happy days.

Events That I Remember

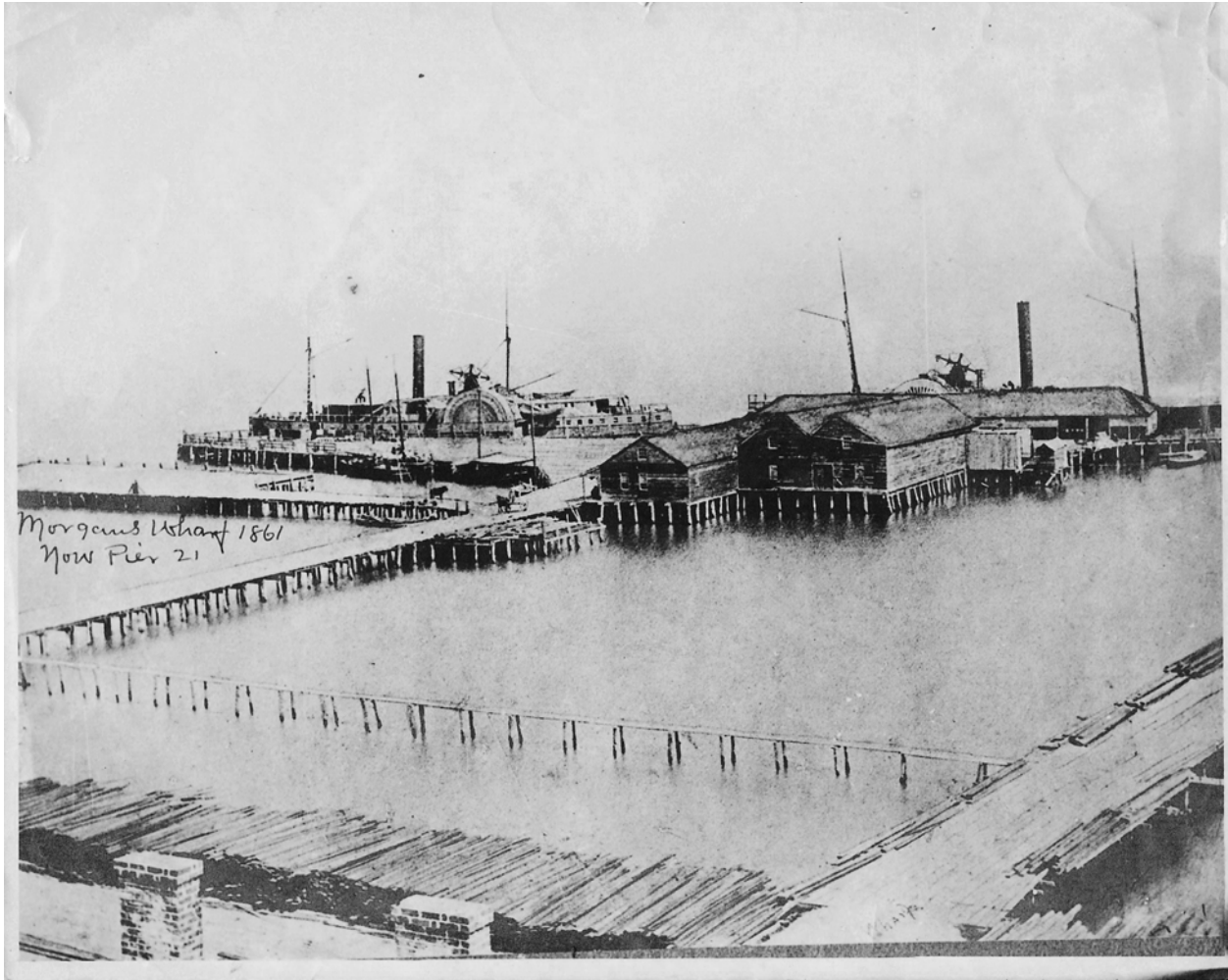


From 26th and Strand Showing Piers 16 & 17 (1861)



Frozen Bay (1886)





Morgan's Wharf (1861)



Grand Canyon



Events That I Remember



California Coast



California Coast



California House



Colorado



Royal Gorge (?)

Events That I Remember

New York City (1915)





## BOY SCOUTS TAKE CHARGE OF CITY

TRANSFER MADE AT SPECIAL  
MEETING; ALSO DIRECT  
TRAFFIC.

City politics were forgotten, petty jealousies thrown into the discard and visions of a municipal primary faded into nothingness yesterday

when Galveston Boy Scouts, with their gospel of service and their pledge of allegiance, took over the reins of city government. The procedure was gone into in the most methodical manner. No more make-believe, but an honest to goodness transfer of municipal affairs, with Mayor Jack E. Pearce transferring the office of mayor president to his successor for a day, Mayor Paul Schuman, in the regular prescribed civic ceremony.

However, Mayor Pearce, before giving over the city powers to his successor, saw fit to insure the carrying on of a permanent paying program which has been in progress for several days, and which the present administration desired to see continue and the board authorized solicitation of bids.

Following the legal transfer, in

addition to Mayor Paul Schuman, the following took office: Commissioner of fire and police, Frank Reynolds; commissioner of finance and revenue, Ralph Phillips; commissioner of streets and sewerage, Frank Shaw; assessor and collector, Ed Rayeroff.

The new board immediately went into the business of the appointment of heads of departments, appointive officers, and received petitions which were acted upon with dispatch and understanding.

At the noon hour the scouts took charge of the traffic in the downtown district, as well as in the evening during the stress of the evening rush. All of the boys worked hard and meritoriously. This is the second time that the scouts have had charge of city affairs for

a day, four years ago Alvin taking over the city go

## PAUL SCHUMAN SCOUT MAYOR

Will Rule Galveston Next  
Saturday.

Paul Schuman was elected Boy Scout mayor to head the city officials, who next Saturday will take upon themselves the burdens of city management from the more experienced shoulders of the regular personnel. Other officers elected Saturday were as follows: Commissioner of fire and police, Frank Reynolds; commissioner of finance, Ralph Phillips; commissioner of streets and public property, William Crager; commissioner of water and sewerage, Frank Shaw; tax collector, Ed Raynor.

The examining committee of Galveston Council, Boy Scouts of America, meets this afternoon at 5 o'clock, the purpose of which is to pass upon all scouts who have advanced a rank or passed a merit badge.

The court of honor will meet tomorrow night at 7:30 o'clock at Brewer W. Key School, when boys approved by the examining committee will be given badges and merit awards.





PAUL SCHUMANN

## Paul Schumann, Noted Galveston Artist, Dies

Paul Richard Schumann, 69, nationally known artist and long a resident of Galveston, died yesterday afternoon at St. Mary's Infirmary after a brief illness.

Mr. Schumann, who had gained fame as a marine artist, was born in Leipzig, Germany, in 1876. He came to the United States and made a name for himself by his brilliant works depicting seascapes along the gulf coast of Texas and Louisiana.

It was once said of Mr. Schumann in an invitation to the Young Galleries' exhibition in Chicago:

"If Paul Schumann had been an artist along the New England coast instead of the Gulf of Mexico, he would have been known all over the world. He is doing for the Texas gulf shores what Winslow Homer did for Maine."

For his picture, "A West Texas Scene," Mr. Schumann received a \$200 dollar purchase award from the Dallas Women's Forum and was later awarded the Southern States Art League prize for 1929 for this work. He later received awards from West Texas art exhibit and from the Cotton Palace at Kansas City.

"The Great Wave," a painting which received an honorable mention at a Memphis art exhibit, was purchased by the Lovenberg Junior High here for their gallery. San Jacinto School possesses a painting, by Schumann, of the San Jacinto battlegrounds.

Some of his more famous oils include: "Oyster Sloops," "The Enchanted Rock," "Fishermen on East Beach," "Autumn," "Down on the Island," "The Dredge Hole at

## TWO

(Continued From  
Page 1)

Offats Bayou" and "Bluffs on the Gaudalupe." Numerous crayon studies of West Texas scenes have been on exhibition along with his portraits.

His unusual studies and his greatest works have had the Galveston docks and beach scenes as their theme. At one exhibition of his works the show was entitled "For Those Who Love Galveston."

He was a lifetime member of the Southern States Art League, a member of the Texas Fine Arts Association and the Galveston Art League.

He was a lifetime member of the Springfield (Ill.) Art League and

has a picture in their permanent collection. The Vanderpool Art Gallery also has a picture of Mr. Schumann's in its permanent collection.

He is survived by: One daughter, Mrs. D. E. Chamness of Marion, Ill., two sons, Paul A. Schumann of Houston and Robert E. Schumann of this city and a brother, A. O. Schumann of LaMarque.

Funeral services will be held at 4 o'clock this afternoon at J. Levy & Co. funeral home, Rev. Victor Albert officiating. Interment will be at Lakeview Cemetery.

Pallbearers will be W. L. Lehmann, Harry Strickhausen, August Zinke, R. G. Lenzen, William Morgan and H. Haglund. Honorary pallbearers will be friends of the family.

## Paul Schumann Dies in Galveston

GALVESTON, April 29.—(P)—Paul R. Schumann, 69, Galveston artist nationally known for his marine paintings, died here Monday night after a lengthy illness.

Funeral services will be held in Galveston Tuesday at 4 p. m.

Mr. Schumann was born in Leipzig, Germany, Dec. 13, 1876. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. D. E. Chamness, Marion, Ill.; two sons, Paul A. Schumann, Houston, and Robert E. Schumann, Galveston; one brother, A. O. Schumann, La Marque, Texas; several grandchildren and other relatives.

## WIFE OF NOTED TEXAS PAINTER DIES AT ISLAND

Special to The Chronicle.

Galveston, Jan. 18.—Mrs. Lena Bergman Schumann, 55, wife of Paul R. Schumann, noted Southwestern painter, died at her home here Sunday morning.

A native of Fredericksburg, where she was born June 7, 1881, she had lived here for the past 33 years. She was a member of the First Lutheran Church Ladies Auxiliary and of the Galveston Art League.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by two sons, Paul August and Robert Edward Schumann of Galveston; a daughter, Mrs. D. E. Chamness of Herrin, Ill.; four grandchildren; four sisters, Mrs. Charles Sheffer of Potosy, Cal.; Mrs. Harry Poole of Los Angeles, Mrs. Olga Burrier of San Antonio and Mrs. Emil Keller of Mason, Texas, and other relatives.

Funeral services will be held at the residence at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. Rev. Victor Albert will officiate.

SCHUMANN.—Funeral services for Mrs. Lena Bergman Schumann, wife of Paul R. Schumann, noted artist, were held yesterday afternoon at the family residence, 1220 M<sup>g</sup>. Rev. Victor Albert officiated and burial was in Lakeview Cemetery under direction of J. Levy & Bro. Mrs. Schumann, a resident of the city for 33 years, died early Sunday at her home.

*School Children Honor Memory of Galveston Benefactor in Program at Rosenberg Library*  
Galveston Tribune  
May 2, 1929

Declaring that the life of Henry Rosenberg would always be an inspiration to young men as a typical illustration of what may be accomplished by the exercise of the virtues of temperance in all things, by honorable and fair dealing with our neighbors, and by having high ideals, Paul Schumann, Ball High School student paid high tribute to the philanthropic works of the man who is affectionately known in the city a "Our Benefactor". The occasion was the annual observance of Henry Rosenberg Day at the Rosenberg library last night.

School children of the city presented a program of songs readings, and folk dances under the direction of Miss Mary Martin, principal of San Jacinto School.

The monument of Henry Rosenberg in front of the library was adorned with a wreath of Easter lilies and the library decorated with spring flowers by the pupils and teachers of Rosenberg School, one of his gifts to the children of Galveston.

"The people of Galveston honor the memory of Mr. Rosenberg," Paul Schumann stated to the audience that filled the library auditorium. "They are proud of him as good citizen and are grateful in the heart of his bequests. This has been shown by public honors and tributes following his death, by the annual celebration of Rosenberg Day, by the fine heroic bronze statue acquired by popular subscription and placed in front of this library in 1906, and by the care our people take to impress their children and their children's children with respect and gratitude to 'Our Benefactor'.

"Mr. Rosenberg was born in the little village of Belteu, Canton Glarus, Switzerland June 22, 1824. He came to Galveston by way of New Orleans when he was 19 years old. He began his career as a clerk in a dry goods store and he attained his majority by buying out his em-

ployer. After he began in his business, his life was one of an active and spirited businessman, prominently identified with most of the city's financial institutions and taking a leading part in all measures for the up building of the city itself. He was for many years, until his banking interests claimed his chief attention, one of the leading dry goods men in Texas. Mr. Rosenberg had no taste for partisan politics, but was ever ready to render his unpaid service as a public spirited businessman for the advantage of the city.

"He rendered notable service as president of the board of harbor improvements, a work begun in 1871 for the removal of the inner bar of Galveston harbor. This work was successfully completed during his administration. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Rosenberg for the development of Galveston Harbor.

"Although Mr. Rosenberg's life would always furnish stimulation and encouragement to the young men as a typical illustration of what is in the power of all to accomplish by exercise of the virtues of temperance in all things, of a high sense of honor and a high set of aspirations, yet the elements of character that chiefly endear his memory to his fellow citizens were made most conspicuously apparent toward his life's end, and were revealed fully by his will. His frequent charities and acts of philanthropy during the course of his life were known to but few, as he shrank from public acclaim. It was not until he neared the end of his life that his larger benefactions attracted general notice, and he was brought before the public eye in that relation.

"It would be a great injustice to Mr. Rosenberg to think that his liberal donation of his means to objects of public good was manifested only in his will. He made a large donation to help toward the building of the Eaton Chapel in memory of his friend and pastor, Rev. Benjamin Eaton of the Trinity Church parish in Galveston.

"During his lifetime he built the Rosenberg School. He had superintended its construction daily, and after the school was opened he was

a frequent visitor, not on formal occasions, but during school hours and recess.

“Practically the entire fortune of Mr. Rosenberg was used in bequests for Galveston and his native city was also remembered in his will, a large sum of money being left to care for its orphans, poor and towards the betterment of the poor.

“Mr. Rosenberg’s liberal donations during his lifetime and the noble liberality of the bequests stated in his will attracted the attention of many people outside of Galveston. The first clause in it stated that the residue of his estate should be used toward the construction of a public library, and it is due to him that the institution is in existence today.

“Mr. Rosenberg’s many charitable acts and his liberal bequests have justly gained for him the name of ‘Our Benefactor’.”

Other numbers on the program were a spring pageant by kindergarten children of Brewer West Key School: a chorus from San Jacinto School: two readings by Hortense Davidson of the Rosenberg School: a double quartet from the Harmony Club of Sam Houston School: song "My Beautiful Doll," by a group of little girls from Jacinto School: and a Mexican dance by pupils of Davy Crockett School.

Bishop C. E. Byrne gave the invocation.



Descendants of Fred Schumann

1 Fred Schumann

..... 2 Albert F. Schumann 1844 - 1925  
 ..... +Clara Zincke 1842 - 1917  
 ..... 3 Paul Richard Schumann 1876 - 1946  
 ..... +Carolina Adela Bergmann 1881 - 1937  
 ..... 4 Paul August Schumann 1909 - 1986  
 ..... +Ethel Elizabeth Lehmann 1912 - 2000  
 ..... 5 Paul August Schumann, Jr. 1937 -  
 ..... +Barbara Jean Beutel 1935 -  
 ..... 6 Paul Lee Schumann 1961 -  
 ..... +Gloria Eileen Sell 1965 -  
 ..... 7 Samantha Eileen Schumann 1992 -  
 ..... 7 Logan William Schumann 1995 -  
 ..... 7 Katarina Cecelia Schumann 1997 -  
 ..... 6 Michael David Schumann 1965 -  
 ..... +Denise Lynn Treece 1965 -  
 ..... 7 Mary Diann Schumann 1998 -  
 ..... 7 Brenden Michael Schumann 2001 -  
 ..... 5 William Richard Schumann 1941 - 1980  
 ..... +Susan Aline Kokemoor 1943 -  
 ..... 6 Matthew Dereck Schumann 1969 -  
 ..... +Hally Hofherr  
 ..... 7 Samuel August Schumann 2000 -  
 ..... 6 Angela Claire Schumann 1971 -  
 ..... +David Joseph Bina 1970 -  
 ..... 7 Nathan Joseph Bina 2001 -  
 ..... 7 Emily Claire Bina 2005 -  
 ..... 6 Christiana Elise Schumann 1974 -  
 ..... +Pyong Kim  
 ..... 4 Clara Adela Schumann 1905 - 1985  
 ..... +Daniel Edward Chamness 1905 - 1993  
 ..... 5 Pauline Ruth Chamness 1929 -  
 ..... 5 Daniel Ernest Chamness 1926 -  
 ..... +Gloria Hewitt 1928 -  
 ..... 6 Daniel Richard Chamness 1952 -  
 ..... +Catherine Claire Blake 1957 -  
 ..... 7 Mary Ann Chamness 1982 -  
 ..... 7 Daniel Blake Chamness 1984 -  
 ..... 6 Susan Chamness 1953 -  
 ..... +Samuel Aubrey Jones 1949 -  
 ..... 7 Matthew Chamness Jones 1983 -  
 ..... 6 Carol Elizabeth Chamness 1955 -  
 ..... +Peter John Allen 1954 -  
 ..... 7 Jane Hadley Allen 1988 -  
 ..... 6 Elizabeth Ann Chamness 1961 -  
 ..... +Jep Davis Hayes 1957 -  
 ..... 7 Carolyn Elizabeth Hayes 1983 -  
 ..... 5 Robert Edgar Chamness 1934 -  
 ..... 4 Robert Edward Schumann 1918 - 1994  
 ..... 3 Albert Otto Schumann 1875 - 1958  
 ..... +Meta Schutte  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Albert Otto Schumann:  
 ..... +Meta Anderson 1892 - 1977  
 ..... 4 Alberta Schumann 1915 -

Events That I Remember

..... +Alton H. Meyer  
..... 5 Alton H. Meyer, Jr.  
..... +Sandra Heinke  
..... 5 Richard Carol Meyer  
..... +Ann Jones  
..... 5 Wayne Charles Meyer  
..... +Ann Hardage  
..... 4 Evelyn Schumann 1917 -  
..... +Stanley McDonald  
..... \*2nd Husband of Evelyn Schumann:  
..... +Jimmie Graves  
..... 5 Vera Graves  
..... +Harne Mohr  
..... 4 Albert Otto Schumann, Jr. 1921 -  
..... +Norma Lohse  
..... 5 Albert Otto Schumann III  
..... 5 Gretchen Schumann  
..... +Bennett Harvey

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Descendants of August F. Zincke

1 August F. Zincke 1811 - 1885

.. +Caroline Schahl 1824 - 1905

..... 2 Clara Zincke 1842 - 1917

..... +Albert F. Schumann 1844 - 1925

..... 3 Paul Richard Schumann 1876 - 1946

..... +Carolina Adela Bergmann 1881 - 1937

..... 4 Paul August Schumann 1909 - 1986

..... +Ethel Elizabeth Lehmann 1912 - 2000

..... 5 Paul August Schumann, Jr. 1937 -

..... +Barbara Jean Beutel 1935 -

..... 6 Paul Lee Schumann 1961 -

..... +Gloria Eileen Sell 1965 -

..... 7 Samantha Eileen Schumann 1992 -

..... 7 Logan William Schumann 1995 -

..... 7 Katarina Cecelia Schumann 1997 -

..... 6 Michael David Schumann 1965 -

..... +Denise Lynn Treece 1965 -

..... 7 Mary Diann Schumann 1998 -

..... 7 Brenden Michael Schumann 2001 -

..... 5 William Richard Schumann 1941 - 1980

..... +Susan Aline Kokemoor 1943 -

..... 6 Matthew Dereck Schumann 1969 -

..... +Hally Hofherr

..... 7 Samuel August Schumann 2000 -

..... 6 Angela Claire Schumann 1971 -

..... +David Joseph Bina 1970 -

..... 7 Nathan Joseph Bina 2001 -

..... 7 Emily Claire Bina 2005 -

..... 6 Christiana Elise Schumann 1974 -

..... +Pyong Kim

..... 4 Clara Adela Schumann 1905 - 1985

..... +Daniel Edward Chamness 1905 - 1993

..... 5 Pauline Ruth Chamness 1929 -

..... 5 Daniel Ernest Chamness 1926 -

..... +Gloria Hewitt 1928 -

..... 6 Daniel Richard Chamness 1952 -

..... +Catherine Claire Blake 1957 -

..... 7 Mary Ann Chamness 1982 -

..... 7 Daniel Blake Chamness 1984 -

..... 6 Susan Chamness 1953 -

..... +Samuel Aubrey Jones 1949 -

..... 7 Matthew Chamness Jones 1983 -

..... 6 Carol Elizabeth Chamness 1955 -

..... +Peter John Allen 1954 -

..... 7 Jane Hadley Allen 1988 -

..... 6 Elizabeth Ann Chamness 1961 -

..... +Jep Davis Hayes 1957 -

..... 7 Carolyn Elizabeth Hayes 1983 -

..... 5 Robert Edgar Chamness 1934 -

..... 4 Robert Edward Schumann 1918 - 1994

..... 3 Albert Otto Schumann 1875 - 1958

..... +Meta Schutte

..... \*2nd Wife of Albert Otto Schumann:

## Events That I Remember

..... +Meta Anderson 1892 - 1977  
 ..... 4 Alberta Schumann 1915 -  
 ..... +Alton H. Meyer  
 ..... 5 Alton H. Meyer, Jr.  
 ..... +Sandra Heinke  
 ..... 5 Richard Carol Meyer  
 ..... +Ann Jones  
 ..... 5 Wayne Charles Meyer  
 ..... +Ann Hardage  
 ..... 4 Evelyn Schumann 1917 -  
 ..... +Stanley McDonald  
 ..... \*2nd Husband of Evelyn Schumann:  
 ..... +Jimmie Graves  
 ..... 5 Vera Graves  
 ..... +Harne Mohr  
 ..... 4 Albert Otto Schumann, Jr. 1921 -  
 ..... +Norma Lohse  
 ..... 5 Albert Otto Schumann III  
 ..... 5 Gretchen Schumann  
 ..... +Bennett Harvey  
 ..... 2 August G. Zincke 1857 - 1938  
 2  
 ..... +Hulda Meckel 1864 - 1951  
 ..... 3 Walter Zincke 1888 - 1888  
 ..... 3 Edwin Zincke - 1957  
 ..... 2 Herman Zincke  
 ..... 2 Richard Zincke 1846 - 1894  
 ..... 3 August Zincke  
 ..... 4 George Zincke - 1946  
 ..... 3 Eddie Zincke  
 ..... +Louise Romagna  
 ..... 2 GirlA Zincke  
 ..... +Unknown Scheidt  
 ..... 3 Walter Scheidt - 1957  
 ..... 4 Johannes Scheidt  
 ..... 5 Ilse Scheidt  
 ..... +ManB Dannenberg  
 ..... 6 Joachim Dannenberg  
 ..... 6 Ursula Dannenberg  
 ..... 3 George Scheidt  
 ..... 3 Lillie Scheidt  
 ..... 3 Gertrude Scheidt  
 ..... 3 Else Scheidt  
 ..... 2 GirlB Zincke  
 ..... +ManC Arnold  
 ..... 3 Helene Arnold  
 ..... 2 GirlC Zincke  
 ..... +ManD Hoff  
 ..... 3 Frieda Hoff  
 ..... 2 GirlD Zincke  
 ..... +ManE Fehre  
 ..... 3 Lotty Fehre  
 ..... 2 GirlE Zincke  
 ..... +ManD Golde  
 ..... 3 Helene Golde



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Descendants of Gustav Bergmann

1 Gustav Bergmann

.. +Minna Brockmann 1857 - 1929

..... 2 Carolina Adela Bergmann 1881 - 1937

..... +Paul Richard Schumann 1876 - 1946

..... 3 Paul August Schumann 1909 - 1986

..... +Ethel Elizabeth Lehmann 1912 - 2000

..... 4 Paul August Schumann, Jr. 1937 -

..... +Barbara Jean Beutel 1935 -

..... 5 Paul Lee Schumann 1961 -

..... +Gloria Eileen Sell 1965 -

..... 6 Samantha Eileen Schumann 1992 -

..... 6 Logan William Schumann 1995 -

..... 6 Katarina Cecelia Schumann 1997 -

..... 5 Michael David Schumann 1965 -

..... +Denise Lynn Treece 1965 -

..... 6 Mary Diann Schumann 1998 -

..... 6 Brenden Michael Schumann 2001 -

..... 4 William Richard Schumann 1941 - 1980

..... +Susan Aline Kokemoor 1943 -

..... 5 Matthew Dereck Schumann 1969 -

..... +Hally Hofherr

..... 6 Samuel August Schumann 2000 -

..... 5 Angela Claire Schumann 1971 -

..... +David Joseph Bina 1970 -

..... 6 Nathan Joseph Bina 2001 -

..... 6 Emily Claire Bina 2005 -

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..... 4 Daniel Ernest Chamness 1926 -

..... +Gloria Hewitt 1928 -

..... 5 Daniel Richard Chamness 1952 -

..... +Catherine Claire Blake 1957 -

..... 6 Mary Ann Chamness 1982 -

..... 6 Daniel Blake Chamness 1984 -

..... 5 Susan Chamness 1953 -

..... +Samuel Aubrey Jones 1949 -

..... 6 Matthew Chamness Jones 1983 -

..... 5 Carol Elizabeth Chamness 1955 -

..... +Peter John Allen 1954 -

..... 6 Jane Hadley Allen 1988 -

..... 5 Elizabeth Ann Chamness 1961 -

..... +Jep Davis Hayes 1957 -

..... 6 Carolyn Elizabeth Hayes 1983 -

..... 4 Robert Edgar Chamness 1934 -

..... 3 Robert Edward Schumann 1918 - 1994

..... 2 Mary Bergmann

..... +Emil Keller

..... 3 Norma Keller

..... 3 Johnny Keller

..... 3 Helen Keller

## Events That I Remember

..... 2 Adela Bergmann 1883 -  
..... +Harry Pool  
..... 3 Harry Pool, Jr.  
..... 2 Matilda Bergmann  
..... +Henry Lancaster  
..... 3 Chester Lancaster  
..... 3 Ernest Lancaster  
..... 3 Cora Lancaster  
..... 2 Olga Bergmann 1885 -  
..... +Burrier  
..... 3 Margaret Burrier

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512.327.5449  
[pauls@globalvantage.com](mailto:pauls@globalvantage.com)